

I Tour,

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INDUCT

INGS

Sept. 28th.
Oth, and Oct. 1st.
- Oct. 2nd.
- Oct. 3rd.
- 5th.
aising up the mighty

"CRYS."
d."
before the Lord."

bering in the sheaves
lay at Jesus' feet.
not will be the welcome
His children given.
an we come rejoicing
aging in the sheaves
CAPTAIN PENNET, Summerside.

1.—Bentley Land. (B.J., 168.)
re shall forget the day,
Jesus washed my sins away;
on the Cross He died for me,
purchased there my pardon free.
CHORUS.
loving Saviour, dearest Friend,
love and serve Thee to the end;
rough often dark the way may be,
by Thy grace I'll follow Thee.
loving Saviour, dearest Friend,
love and serve Thee to the end.
when my Saviour all day long,
He's forgiven all my wrong;
now He keeps me every day,
by His side I mean to stay.
SERGEANT MAY LAM, Peterboro'.

12.—Praise. (B.J., No. 143.)
Holy Ghost, upon me fall,
and unto me befall.
Holy Ghost, be sanctifying;
sation from all sin bring;
living; ever to me impart;
Holy Ghost, dearest:
Thy servants Thee don't fail,
fire Thou hast kindled from one and all,
on and the same to-day.
us fail, oh, Mighty Power,
as a Pentecostal shower,
this we wait and pray.
all, we wait, but all in vain
mighty victory shall we gain,
thout the Holy Ghost.
and, dearest, oh, Living God,
name all our hearts to Thee
sound, oh, Mighty God.

NEWFOUNDLAND -

General's Visit

WAR



- NEWFOUNDLAND

September 19.

CRY



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GLIMPSES OF THE RESCUE WORK.

The Army in Canada and Newfoundland has now eight Rescue Homes, similar to the sketch of the one on this page, everyone of which are like the pierced hand of our loving Christ, stretched out in tender pity to the fallen of earth's daughters. Officers, with Mrs. Commandant Booth at the head, are the ministering spirits in these Homes, who, searching amongst the world's moral debris find out the shattered fragments of once chaste characters, and through the

(Continued on page 2.)



THE NAVY!

The 'General Booth' on the Rocks.

TWENTY-TWO SOULS.

THE FIERY MONSTER.

On Wednesday afternoon our yacht left Yonge Street wharf with a crew eight in number, the Commandant in charge, headed for Hamilton. We had rather a rough time, and quite a number suffered from mal de mer. However, we reached Hamilton all right. The brass band met us at the wharf. At the barracks the Commandant conducted a lively meeting.

Next morning we started for St. Catharines; arrived at seven; band waiting at the port, with Ensign Arlett.

We left St. Catharines bright and early next morning for Welland. The event of the day took place at 7:30 p.m. on the docks, when the Mayor, Mr. H. Burger, welcomed the Commandant to the town of Welland. It was done in thorough style. After this we had a good meeting, and did some straight dealing with the people. They responded liberally in the collection.



The Mayor of Welland.

Who read an address of welcome to the Commandant on the occasion of his visit to Welland.

After the open-air we proceeded to the Presbyterian Church. A very bright and impressive service was held. Everybody seemed at home. The Commandant sang and played on the harp.

Leaving Welland Saturday morning we went to Buffalo for four days. Crowds flocked to every meeting. God came in power, and souls were craved. We wound up Sunday night with sixteen in the fountain.

Monday night the meeting was held under canvas, and about one thousand people flocked to see and hear the Jack Tars.

Tuesday at noon we conducted a slum meeting in the Shelter, the hall being packed, and we had the pleasure of seeing six souls, who had been living lives of shame and debauchery, coming to the Blood for cleansing. Tuesday night we marched for No. 11, winding up with two souls crying for mercy.

We shoved off from Buffalo for Port Colborne, leaving there Thursday morning for Selkirk. Everything was beautiful, and the boys were all in good spirits, and within two miles of Selkirk, just as the band was going to strike up to practice, to our surprise we came to a sudden stop, and we soon discovered that we were on the rocks, then every effort was put forth to get her off, but all without success. It was about ten in the morning when we struck the rocks, and it was now seven, and we were announced to be in Selkirk that night, and as we didn't want to disappoint the people we lowered the life boat, and as many as could rowed to shore, a distance of over two miles, and then walked three miles to the town, and after parking of a hearty supper we hurried off to the meeting. The fact that we had been wrecked caused a great sensation. The people came from all directions, and by the time we reached the Baptist Church it was impossible to find seating room.

Next morning we hurried off to see what had become of the ship and the rest of the crew, and we just got time to see her towed back to Port Colborne by the tug Golden City to be repaired.

A LATER REPORT.

At the close of Sunday night's meeting at Selkirk, the order was given:

"The Naval Brigade meet at the quarters tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock."

We had to drive to Port Down. The journey was a rough one.

After some three miles' ride south, and another four miles east, we came in sight of the lake. Our eyes were all strained to see if we could discover the flying column of our little yacht, which, as a thunderbolt, the report was received that she had been burnt in the night. A telegram awaiting us soon confirmed the sad news, and by the aid of the telephone, further particulars arrived. It is impossible to express our thoughts at this moment. Fortunately, her hull and engine were left, and it will be possible, at some considerable expense, to again fix her up and fit her for her blessed work as a bearer of the tidings of salvation.

From the very first, the greatest sympathy was shown, the people, they came out in such numbers to show their sympathy for the lady, most of whom had something of value on the boat, and some of whom had their all through the fire.

Thank God, our confidence was in Him. He would not let us who trusted in Him come out to confusion. We went in and had an excellent meeting under the shade of the trees in the park during the afternoon. Some eleven dollars was contributed during the day, and the blessing was received through this visit was everywhere expressed.

By ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

SALVATION SCHOONER ON HER FIRST MISSION.

Major Morris on Board—Opening Bonavista Barracks—Day School—Our Grave Yard—Officers' Council.

Since my last report was written in St. John's, quite a few ups and downs have been our lot, and we have encountered all sorts of dangers, but the Lord knows all about us, we are under His care.

If it had been your privilege to have seen our Provincial Headquarters on the night of the 26th, before we sailed north in our new schooner, I bet perhaps you have heard of Mrs. Brown and her seven parish, viz., one hat, one small value, and a bird cage, all going for one ticket.

It seemed really there was no end to our wants—bed, pillow, blanket, food, clothing and books. Oh, my, the like was never seen before! We yelled through for all that. It seemed as though the district officers in the city, and field officers as well, all wanted something special that day, and right up to twelve o'clock, midnight, were pleading for an interview. "Just a few moments," was their cry.

At one thirty they called me to breakfast, and at two I was landed on the wharf, and jumped on deck of the schooner, loaded down with parcels.

"Hello, boys, going to sleep all day?" The lads were tired, and although my arrangements were to sail at two o'clock sharp, I could overlook it for once.

Olekins were put on, and long boots, and another weighed, with unfurled, and in a few minutes we were under way and sailing out of the beautiful St. John's harbor, and through the Narrows.

My soul was full of delight, although I knew in a few hours I should not be able to sit up. Snatches of songs were sung, others prayed, while some sat silently looking at the lovely scenery as we sailed in sight of the high, rocky cliff. Sometimes a sea gull would come almost within gun-shot, and float around collecting food for her offspring, which looked from yonder height watching for her return.

One after another began to disappear from deck, others tried to leave sea-sickness off, but failed miserably.

Ensign Tilley and his new wife were on board, or rather I should say, the bridal party going to their new charge, Ensign Gooby going back north, two men-officers going to their stations, besides five of the crew; so we were, as some little troops of God's saints launched out upon the deep, going about our Master's business.

That night at eleven-thirty, we sailed into Bonavista harbor, and dropped anchor. The Glad Tidings was already there, having sailed the day previous from St. John's. The corps had grown tired of looking for us, and were then going into a real red-hot prayer meeting.

It was very dark, but we could hear the speaking of ears, and soon we could see the forms of the Sergeant-Major and another brother content on board giving us a welcome. We had all rejoined our strength but Mrs. Tilley, and she was very weak, almost had to be lifted into the boat, but happy as a queen to be at her post again. Bonavista was to be their headquarters.

At twelve-thirty a.m. Captain Newman and Lieutenant Hamilton came to make us breakfast, some cod fish tongue, which, to

my idea, topped anything I have eaten since coming to Newfoundland.

Mrs. Brown gave us shelter for the night and breakfast in the morning, after which I drove no more from my voyage, but in full faith of health, and full of the Spirit which makes men strong in Him.

After an inspection of our new barracks and the town, we went in for an officers' council, something nearly typical of what we must have at short intervals in every district. Bonavista was left over and transacted personally on our voyage, and at different times we went in for such a spiritual time, and had it without mistake, a real upper room touch.

The crew of the Glad Tidings were in it, the field officers enjoyed it, and the Salvationists' crew danced for joy. Oh, my, those officers did relish strong food, and they had it served up to them hot and strong. There is a beauty about our Newfoundlanders, one need not mince matters, if it be the truth they can bear it.

The march was about one hundred strong, and a real awakening time. About \$28 was raised at that meeting; everybody seemed to discourage me, and gave me no hope to beg, but at it we went. As Jesus took tribute money out of the fish, so surely we can get it out of the fishermen. Five a victory. There is more coming when some husbands return from the fishing grounds.

At one-thirty a.m., we hoisted sail and weighed anchor, and so, lovely. Captain Newman promised to land me clear of Bonavista at Twillingate, which he did on Sunday morning, just when the march was on the strength. We had been becalmed, and had to lay to for some twelve hours, thus detaining us.

At night we all made for the barracks, which was crowded, and a clear of Bonavista at Twillingate, which he did on Sunday morning, just when the march was on the strength. We had been becalmed, and had to lay to for some twelve hours, thus detaining us.

On Monday, a few more repairs and fittings were done by the crew of the Salvationists. The Glad Tidings arrived bringing good news. They landed on an island, and took what the people call "prayers," which had not been in that place for years, and three souls were saved. All the people left in a state of revival. Captain Goody had some difficulty in getting his crew on board. It seemed to some a test to desert the schooner and go and live with this people so glad were they to hear of Jesus' love. The crew declared they never attended or led such a meeting before.

At night we marched in full force, both crews united, and at it we went till eleven p.m., first meeting, then up we went for a pull, and were rewarded after hard fighting. Conviction was rampant, and everywhere the people were full of hope and faith. One man yielded, and for three quarters of an hour she shouted, screamed and tore round, tears flowed, and she beat the seat and struggled.

At last, at last! Oh, my, a yell and a jump! If she had had as many devils as Mary Magdalene she could not have seemed more bereft.

Some officers and soldiers danced and shouted, and for an hour a real Salvation jubilation went on.

Next morning, my pen would drop and I would chase the roose down at our parting; the "Glad Tidings" was to bear me away, and the "Salvationists" was to sail for the Labrador, which they would reach in three days.

Kneeling together, I charged them, in the little meeting room, to be true and work for souls. Not a dry eye was seen. Kissing each other we sailed apart, our flags were hoisted, and the "Glad Tidings" was to sail for the Labrador, which they would reach in three days.

We reached Morton's Harbor in time for the meeting. These men, so far, have caught the fish, and the summer will soon be over. Their barracks lay about one mile away from the harbor, about midway between three villages, one called Western Head, the other called Merry's Harbor, and the third on the out-post. It is a most beautiful spot, and the walk to it is simply grand. Our officers sometimes walk there three times on a Sunday, making nine miles a day.

Our meeting was splendid, and the dedication of Walter Bramwell Stride, whose father was away on the Labrador, added the finishing touches. These comrades are happy all through their lives in an arctic region, a winter, as the Salvationists have failed. Yes they are trusting in God. Many corps have not enough money to pay for their W.A. Cox, and they just love to read them. Oh, how I wish I could give them to them! But in us, as we saw the winter, the winter was glad to have us and cannot get it! One Cox will be passed from one to the other and read, and then sent away. Thank God, no postage is charged for papers in this country.

Captain Holmes walked with us to the day school, where the Cadet was busy teaching about twenty-five scholars. Some of them are in the fourth reader. They were glad to have us examine their books and work, and walking from deck to deck, I did so.

They are soldiers' children, but quite a number of them are away with their parents to the fishing. God bless our day schools in Newfoundland!

I passed by our little Salvationist graveyard, where some of our departed comrades lay, with their whitened faces and some covered mounds. It is surrounded by beautiful ferns and is situated in a lovely vale, and one would think that human feet had never trodden there till ours measured it, it is so secluded.

Our time is up, and we must go home. We sailed away from the beautiful harbor of Western Head with a very light wind, and Cadet Tilley, Captain Holmes and Mrs. Brown as passengers.

Just outside it became very calm, not enough wind to fill our sails; the sea was almost as smooth as a piece of glass. The Western Head people were very kind, giving us two cod fish and three more dollars. Dinner was cooked and served by Cadet Hiscok and Ensign Gooby upon the deck, under an awning we gathered for our Sunday meal. Never did God's saints partake of a meal with more relish and thankfulness than us.

For some hours we were becalmed and drifted, so Cadet Hiscok and myself took to the small boat and went to get some fish or birds for our supper. When about a mile from the schooner of these sudden rain and wind storms came upon us; we picked it some miles away and hastened back with all speed, but not before it overtook us. The female officers were afraid we would not get on board; they watched us from the schooner, and we watched them, and I could see her bend away from the wind till her bows were already in the water. She came up to us, and with a little extra crew we were on board and scolding the wave in fine style, as the wind was high while the storm lasted. We had a look at what the little harbor was trying to make, and feeling encouraged we pulled to get to land. At six we left the schooner with two in chase, and five of us put off in the small boat for a good two-mile pull.

At last we entered one of the most lovely little harbors it has been my lot to see. The minister at this village, a learned and pious man, showed us the school house, while our people and his people crowded in, and it seemed as though nobody's people could get in. A little after seven o'clock they began to assemble, some of them carrying chairs to fill up the spare room, not having a seat, and telling them home again after the meeting. One old man hung on until his poor old face beamed with joy and tears rolled down his cheeks, and voice and strength were gone shouting and clapping his hands. His testimony was that "for forty years he had possessed this jewel."

Our first meeting lasted until eleven o'clock, then we went in for a real good payment. Not a soul moved until the last meeting was over. At something after six o'clock in the morning we began to get down a little. It was quite stiff to get them to move out; the Holy Ghost had held them in a firm grip, but we were in to see a fine sight.

At last a break came. One sister came, then another. After some earnest pleading and tears one jumped up; and it seemed to me that she wanted to fly; she bounded around and so mistake. Everybody dancing, jumping, and shouting, and dancing happy. Oh, my, I lift up the corner and look, the whole lot boiling. I was not again. At the next tag two came through; then another. I cannot describe the scene! You must imagine religion in extreme extravagance, and then you have one fifth part of it. Five were paid through screaming, shouting, yelling, crying, dancing happy; it like my eyes never saw before.

The people said, "If only you would say another night, what a time we would have! It seemed to me a providence God had called for me to depart, or I would surely kill myself to save these people."

REST.

TUNE: In the Gloaming. B. J. No. 124

When the sun was gently setting
And the lights were burning low,
Then unto my heart returning
Came a voice so soft and low.
'Twas the whisper of my Saviour,
As I leaned upon His breast,
Saying gently, "Only trust Me,
And I'll give you perfect rest."

CHORUS: Let me love Thee Saviour, etc.

"He whose mind is stayed on Jesus
Shall be kept in perfect peace;"
He shall find a great release,
And from sin a great release.
When temptations hard assail him,
To the Cross he then shall cling,
Conqueror, he then may sing:

Oh! the joy of knowing Jesus,
Each a safety for the soul,
Singing, and that would be whole.
Then whose darkness bursts upon us
And becomes our sorest test,
Surely then the "True Light" shines
And will light us into Rest.

By Mrs. PAUL, Woodstock, Ontario.

Cows eat 276 different kinds of grass, but 218 are unfit to be touched by a cow. Cows eat 449 and leave 193 untouched. Sheep take 307 and leave 141 untouched. The horse eats 276 and will not eat 218. The cow how a beautiful creature and it is possible for all kinds of food to be touched by a cow.

Mrs. AT PET

A stranger coming in G.T.R., ignorant of the enterprising, flourishing, aware of the method, I traced from the bottom an average, at 475 ft, 5,600 barrels per day, I saw was the meaning of derelicts, which in vicinity, numbers 7,00 do, as many wells, even in thousands of piping, in fact. It would take to space to describe in detail; but as Mrs. J. meeting on Sunday at heard that the people huge barrels, and I supposed of all around a large-heartedness, and nature and extent of oil, affects the character the following brief outline of this report, at demand how the flag of has gotten such a hold of the land of oil, we wells having been sunk, 1,500 feet, are fixed up as worked by engines, six to 150 pumps. Hugs stretched at convenient of trench well is fixed a pig the block off is conveyed tank holds 11,000 barrels, and measures thirty-two top. At each tank is a pump to take the oil from the dangleing sundry refining pig block is converted into prime white, and standard oil of commerce which are different grades and grav well-known brands of "Onescent," "Ocean," Government Lighthouse, "Atlantic," "Royal Safety."

After the illuminating of the wells, the stills for kerosene, naphtha, gas engine, and engine oils.

The next product is gas, and the so-called for medicinal arts, such as anesthetic, or other purposes, and, and uniform heat at time is needed.

Then there is tar and chewing gum and wax can from the same black oil, as wagon grease.

The various oils, etc., are the Dominion, and it is said the industry gives employment in the different stages from the well to the consumer.

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COLONEL LAWLEY,

Travelling A.D.C. to the General.

SOLDIER AND SONGSTER—A BRIEF SKETCH.

How Army Officers are Made.

A MAN OF ONE IDEA.

Colonel Lawley is a striking individuality, no less in character than in person. Of Norfolk parentage, brought up in Yorkshire, endowed with the arm of a Hercules, and with a spirit as tender and pitying as that of a woman, he has conquered the disadvantages of a poor education, risen to eminence in the service of God, and worked his way into the confidence and heart of his leaders and comrades throughout the world. "I live on my knees at the gate of heaven. I put my hand between the bars, open my mouth, and allow the angels to shroud it in." This is one of his characteristic phrases, and will impart to the spiritually-taught at once a conception of the man, a further glimpse of whose character we will now give.

A Child of the Army.

Humanly speaking, he owes all he possesses to the Salvation Army. If asked what he is most thankful for in his life, he will tell you that it is that God overtook him, when an engine-lad, in Pullen's Theatre, Bradford, and saved his soul. One of the happiest moments in his life was when the General, in the front bedroom of Colonel (then Mr.) Dowdle's quarters in the same city, accepted him, along with Ted Jones, as an officer, and appointed him to open the 30th corps of the Salvation Army. His scholastic qualifications were few, as we have hinted, rare. He could read, but he had to be careful what chapters he selected; he could write, but the writer would have to be close by if the reader wanted to decipher it rapidly.

Friends, on perceiving his desire to preach the Gospel, advised him to read the books. He tried and tried, and tried again, but failed. "Oh, that I could speak for Jesus for five minutes!" he oft quivered in prayer to God. God heard him, and he spoke five, then ten, then twenty, till now, "I am never stuck fast, and not a bit of credit belongs to books." God has been his teacher. When, sixteen years ago, he stepped forward as an ambassador for Jesus Christ, all he had was a tin box and a Bible.

A Giant in the War.

Since then he has grown to be one of God's giants, and is still growing. "Where is the secret of your strength?" was the question once asked the famous Samson-Salvationist of long ago. It lay not in muscle or mind; and if you search for the meaning of Lawley's strength, you will not find it in his swarthy form, or in his mental and other natural acquirements. With a heart as full of music as heaven, as full of it as a corah, he could not, strange to say, play a tin whistle if you were to offer him the Bank of England. He has not read a couple of "standard works" in all his career; and as for magazines and newspapers, he touches them with reluctance when he invests in them to read about some wrook or explosion from which to draw morals to warn the ungodly. He is a man of one idea, one passion, one purpose, one all-consuming desire—God—salvation—eternity—Christ—the Cross.

"I cannot," we once heard him say, "get through my Salvation Army career with crying 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,' and 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me,' then Johnnie Lawley will begin to howl if God called him." What he possesses to-day he has got on his knees, kneeling his eyes, thinking on and praying to God. So far this has been more than sufficient to help him to victory throughout a long field fight. It has been sufficient for him in temptation, sorrow, discouragement, and weariness. It has carried him through divisional and departmental commands, filled his soul with glory in prison and makes his days a run of bliss and delight. "When I came into the Army I said what I repeat now, 'I am prepared to be a door-mat for Jesus.' Scooping to conquer has always brought me the victory."

A Singer of Israel.

Colonel Lawley has fallen the mantle of the past. He is a second Parnassus, and would to the War should such its



melody and song. We do not say that his poetical genius is stupored with mystic mumm. No, God be praised! it is not, but we would sooner have two such songs as we print on this page than a thousand that only touch the imagination and please the fancy. Colonel Lawley is forever verifying. He began fourteen years ago by putting two or three verses together to the tune of "I'm a soldier bound for glory," and has written hundreds, off and on, since then. His songs have sung thousands into the Light.

His singing of a Salvation song is his choicest gift. Here he equals in his own particular way any it has been our privilege to hear, and excels some whose praise has been sounded through the world. No one ever strains their neck or pricks their ear to catch his words. They are clear, simple, and ringing, and palpitate with deep, strong emotion. His aim is the heart of his hearer, and he strikes for it with his own sin. His selection of songs is as appropriate as his exposition of them. He never sings by lip what has not entered into the bone and marrow of his soul. Hence, those he chiefly delights in are of his own composition—such as come bubbling up from the fountains and depths of his intensely spiritual nature.

They touch the heart and breathe the air of Heaven; the critical will find much to criticize in them, as they would with many of his drooleries and gesticulations and addresses; but what does it matter! Are souls saved? In good does it! If so, Colonel Lawley will only smile at you. He won't quarrel with you.

Secretary.

Colonel Lawley tells a story which is

credible, both to his heart and head—as a Salvation Army Secretary. He had a divisional command at the time. A decimal system of averaging corps results having been issued by the Home Office, he took himself thereto.

"What are these?" he asked the worthy Chief Secretary of that ilk. An explanation followed. Lawley's face expanded. He was carried into a new world, not knowing his length or breadth. "That will never do for me. I know what one or two souls mean, but, my dear brother, when you come to split them into 99ths, I am gone. You'll have to alter your system," and it was done accordingly for his sake.

The moral of this is self-evident. Colonel Lawley is not a man to make professions.

7. Spend all-nights in prayer; that is, give God what you would your superior officer—time. Wait upon Him. Renew your strength. You will be no good unless you do.

8. Be thankful, grateful and tender. I never used to let a collection be counted till my meetings were finished, and always made the "locals" kneel down and thank God for what we got, whether it was a penny or a pound.

9. Rejoice. There is too much worldly care around us. The joy of the Lord is your strength.

10. Have a definite experience. See that it gets clearer, brighter, hotter day by day.

11. Don't dabble with doubtful things.

He does not profess to know that of which he is ignorant; and, by acting upon this principle in the various secretarial commands to which he has been appointed, he has been able to more than hold his own by his common sense and straightforwardness.

His Advice to Officers.

In view of the counsels referred to, his counsel to his brother-comrades will be read with special interest:

1. Be a man of one book, and that book the Bible.
2. Go to God to get explanations upon it. He, being the Writer, or Inspirer of it, understands its mysteries, and can and will make them plain to the earnest, sincere soul.
3. Get all what you say in your meetings from the Throne of Heaven on your bended knees.
4. Follow up all you say in your meetings by every-day visitations. If Jesus Christ had stood on the summit of the other world and preached through a trumpet what the world ought to do, it would have been damned. He visited it, He came into it, He lived in it, walked its streets, spoke to the multitudes, hungered, suffered, bled and died for it. Do the same!

5. Whatever else happens, visit your Sunday's converts on Monday. Seal a mark on the devil.

6. Never quarrel with anybody, no matter how cranky they may be. Pray, pray, pray! Burn the hot iron of God's truth into their souls, and redden till the break of day for their deliverance; but don't, don't quarrel—there's a more excellent way.

A doubting heart is rich soil for the devil's seed.

12. Be Salvationists in principle, practice, theory and fact, at home and abroad, in dress, food and everything—that is, be separate and peculiar.

Here we take our leave of the Colonel, praying that his bow may become stronger, and his arrow swifter. Like all of us he has his weak points, of which he is not ignorant. He owes much, we ought to add, to his energetic and whole-hearted wife. Formerly Captain Charteris, she has added fuel to the fiery flame that burns in her husband's breast, not only by precept, but by her example.

No more time serving, no more living to please men, no more of even the very appearance of trying to serve God and mammon. Inward and outward holiness of life is what we must have—THE GENERAL.

The Halifax Shelter is making excellent progress. The number of beds and meals sold have speedily increased from the opening numbers.

Holiness is indispensable to your completest usefulness. Brethren, be ye holy! Be holy NOW.—The General.

WATERS' NOTES.

OFFICE, TORONTO.

Booth will conduct at the Temple on Sun-

Booth leaves Toronto on the 11th for Newfound-

Booth will accompany the Com-

Booth will conduct a council at Lippincott's on Monday next, September

Booth will preside over a meeting on the 11th at the Tem-

Booth will visit Orillia Thurs-

Booth Staff change is coming and will affect several districts

Booth is losing the loss of the Naval Boat, the Naval Boat speed ahead and having meetings at every place at

Booth Jacob is reported to

Booth has all arrangements for the reception of the various places announced the Maritime Provinces.

Booth is being repaired at Port every kindness is being shown by the inhabitants numbered that Port Robinson where the boat caught

Booth has taken command of the farm, and with Mrs. Peacock's Peacocks is now in the farm house there.

Booth has the above-mentioned governor, but we know he has great fun

Booth informs us Major Vernon. Pray for his

Booth is working in a perfectly glorious way, doing campaigns and temp-



Booth is on the privilege of above, we have no doubt st glimpse of the "Cartage WAR CRY expects them welcome volley when they



Yes, if an angel came. Well, they need to come in days gone by on special errands of judgment or mercy, in human form, eating and drinking with men, warning and comforting God's own children. Ah, even taking hesitating ones by the hand, and hurrying them out of cities over which fire and brimstone hung ready to burst in thunderous wrath on the guilty hands of sinners. Witness the cases of Abraham, Sodom, Manasse, Lot, Zedekiah, and Peter. Oh, yes, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to all who are heirs to salvation?" Glory to God!

I have often wondered what these angels in heaven think of the sin and misery of this poor world of ours. We, who were born in this world and under its existing evils, become accustomed to them, taking as a matter of fact that it always was, and always will be, that it is nothing to us, we are not responsible for the state of things, and often scarcely conscious of the terrible evils which do exist.

We are like those people who are born and live all their lives close to the great Niagara Falls, or at the foot of some volcano, who realize neither the grandeur of the roaring falls, nor the awful danger of the volcano. So we, from our infancy, finding ourselves surrounded with sin and misery of every kind, become almost unconscious of the presence, thinking things are ruled by God and, in consequence, are as God would have them.

Now, this delusive view of things is a deadly blow to all aggressive work for God and souls, for if we think that sin and misery exist because God wills it, we shall do nothing whatever to remedy those states for fear of opposing the will of God; but, on the other hand, if we get a right sight of sin and its consequences from God's point of view, how different things will appear to us.

The existence of sin is painfully apparent, but the origin of it is a difficult problem; but still if we acknowledge the freedom of will of all God's intelligent creatures, and the tremendous possibilities of good and evil lodged in the exercise of that will for or against God and His government, the difficulty becomes less and less. Be that as it may, the fact remains: The evil is here, the law is burning, the penitence is required, and the fearful judgment pending, and the question is to remove it in the least time and by the best methods. The Salvation Army, thank God, has solved that problem more clearly than any of the previous agencies for that object.

But to return, I said if we could only get a sight of the world's woes as God sees them, or as even the angels see them, how appalling they would appear, and what indignation and enthusiasm and effort they would rouse in us to fight sin and make the world better.

What the Angel Saw.

Gabriel and the other angels who have visited our world, have some idea of the state of things, but suppose an angel were about to visit our world who has never heard at all of the existence of sin, or of rebellion against God, or the fall of man, and who had not the slightest conception of such a state of things, but whose only knowledge of this world was a lovely planet God had created and beautified with the most delightful trees, yielding all manner of luxurious fruit, rivers and lakes, seas and oceans, the whole earth covered with rich vegetation, upon which cattle of all kinds grazed, fish of every description, fowl of all varieties, birds—beautiful of plumage and sweet of song—everything perfect beyond description, all that the heart of man could desire. The angel had also heard of the most wonderful of all God's creatures—man and woman—made in His image, pure and holy, Himself walking and conversing with them, giving them dominion over every creature, blessing them, and commanding them to be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish and subdue the earth, also giving them His holy laws, the reflex of His own character, which should be for the guidance and regulation of their actions and the welfare and happiness of their lives, and of those of their posterity, and that in time millions had been born, the world largely populated with men and women who had built cities,

called seas, tunnelled mountains, cultivated land, raised crops, reared cattle, become vassals in arts and sciences. Now, let us suppose, knowing only this what would be the expectation joy and rapture of the angel at the prospect of visiting such a world, such a people created, blessed, and ruled by God, one great family, one great brotherhood, from one Father-God, each seeking the other's happiness according to His law of love. Why, simply heaven on earth, the reign of God on earth, the sublimest happiness and peace, joy and plenty. See then how starts the world appears in vision in the distance, nearer and nearer becomes—continents, oceans, mountains, cities appear. Oh, how delightful—paradise! The singing birds, lovely, enchanting, all so pure, so delightful a distance, and so it is. But with that divine instinct he takes in at a moment the whole situation and beholds, what? Oh, horror! What does he find? Instead of peace and love, behold open rebellion against his God, against His laws, men fighting against man, and brother against brother, nations armed to the teeth against each other, keeping standing armies ready to murder each other, mighty ships of war fitted with the latest inventions modern genius can devise for destruction and death; kings of nations, emperors, presidents, judges, magistrates, rulers, governments are corrupt, covetous, tyrannical, proud, and often licentious, while emulства, murder, crime, thieving, lying, cheating, adultery and fornication are not only permitted, but actually honored; drunkenness rampant, thousands annually, after suffering horrors, die, while governments receive revenue from the sale of liquor. Gold and silver are carved, wrought, compassed in the desire to outshine, thousands are rich and live in palatial residences, having all that heart can desire, while millions starve and starve, begging for bread, or for work to get bread. Justice is almost unknown, mercy is practiced by few, millions curse their God and violate His best laws. Living huddled together in cities they exist, crawling forth to steal, to sin and to commit crime. Millions are afflicted with various diseases, scars, sores, plagues—of the worst description—men, women, and dying, while others bury them for a living.

Armed men are kept to arrest and imprison fellow-men. Dungeons are built to incarcerate the vilest, especially of the poor, while the dawning criminals among the rich often go free. Huge systems are built where human beings bereft of reason are kept to live and die. Night is hideous with the screams of the wicked. Drunk, half-naked, heavily, vicious, cruel, murdering villains, rogues, dirty and foul, eating and drinking. Robbery is perpetrated by thousands in what is called business. Extortionate prices are charged, grinding down the poor. Manufacturers employ men and give starvation wages, whilst they, themselves, accumulate fortunes from the toil and sweat of these wretched laborers.

The worship of God—which some nations profess is hypocritical. God's Bible is interpreted by men paid for the purpose, who are at bitter enmity and strife with each other, exhibiting and quarrelling, even blood-shedding over differences of opinion on the truth or error of the Book. They build costly churches, which they attend once a week in acts and cliques to worship God. Hundreds of souls exist, each claiming to hold the truth.

The high and the low are separated; doors and windows of houses are locked, even in God's house. There are a few who really love God but who have been persecuted, imprisoned, starved, and driven away from their loving allegiance to Him and His law, but they are few comparatively.

Millions have never yet heard of God, but live and die like savage beasts. Thousands perish by fire, plague, pestilence, famine, war, disease, and death. The angel looked on the awful scene and wept. Disappointment and sorrow were depicted on his face, while with words of anguish he enquired, "Is this God's world? Are these His people? In this state of fearful misery and sin what my God intended it should be?" "No; ten thousand times no." "Then what has happened?" "Rebellion, rebellion, rebellion against God dawned on his mind. But how? A wicked fallen archangel succeeded in poisoning the minds of God's first pair, and thus disobedience and rebellion is the result, and now

the whole world lies in the arms of the devil and his fallen ones. God has done all in doing what He can to win it back to Himself—to win back the love and confidence of His creatures. He sent His Son to suffer and die, and now wants you, brother, to help spread the glorious news of mercy to rebels, and thus make the world better.

Brother, will you do it in view of the above state of things? Will you give up all for Jesus and live to save others? If so send in your application to the Brigadier.

Yours affectionately,
J. WATSON.

EX-OFFICERS

And Their Attitude Towards the Salvation Army.

EX-OFFICERS are supposed, by many, to be traitors of the first water, enemies to the Army, the chief enemies of Satan; in fact, sinners beyond all others. Others, with more charitable views, and with more of the Christ-like Spirit, do not endorse the above, but still are satisfied in their own minds that we are not what we once were, that we cannot love the Army as we did, that we are not the same self-sacrificing, consecrated individuals we once were. We have sunk in their estimation to rise no more; henceforth we are looked upon as Samsons, shorn of our strength and grinding in the devil's mill. Well, comrades, God bless you! We envy your position to-day, but we are glad to be able to assure you that the hair has again grown on our (formerly) shaven heads, that we realize the sweet smile of our Saviour in even greater measure than in former days, that we love the S. A. and its principles as much as ever, that our hearts burn within us at times to see souls saved and brought to Christ; in fact, we feel as though we were better Salvationists now than ever before. We read the War Cry, wait the promotions, changes, etc., etc., with as much interest as ever. We rejoice over your victories and mourn over your losses. We are working for God and souls on Army lines, but our privileges are limited now. We will ever thank God for our experience as officers in your ranks, and we assure you that were we again in our old shoes no power or inducement on earth could buy or tempt us from our posts. Our lot is cast beyond the sound of the drum, but in imagination we often hear it and see the flag floating in the breeze, and hear the merry shout of soldiers, and a lamp rises in our breast. What is it?

With such feelings how can we be such enemies of the Army, such hindrances to the work? Hold! Comrades, the devil laid a snare for us. Beware! he has set one for you. Don't consume us too strongly, but "ponder the path of thy feet."

That God my keep you true is the prayer of one who will always love the yellow, red, and blue.

CHARLES W. FORD.

LAIN MENTHERMASCO,
July 20th, '94.

African Cry.—We must congratulate our African comrades in their special (July) number of the War Cry. It is colored throughout. The illustrations cover the entire General receiving the unanimous welcome of "all the nations of the earth." The whole Cry is profusely illustrated, and contains many graphically written articles. Amongst them we noticed, "On the banks of the Nile," a tragic story of Salvation war. "Chast from the Social Farm," from which we should judge that this work was indeed progressing famously. "The Flying Hollander interviewed," a brief account of the life of Ensign De Rot; also a stirring story, under the title, "An Ex-Booster."

Vice rarely lingers round the wash tub.



THE GENERAL

DOE AT

ST. JOHNS,
NEWFOUNDLAND,

SEPT. 18th.



PROMOTIONS.

Captain Edward Lee, who came out of Barris in October, 1893, and is now stationed at Brandon, Ont., to be Ensign.
Captain Harry Morris, who came out of London, Ont., in October, 1893, and is now Captain at the Territorial Headquarters, to be Ensign.
Captain John M. C. Horn, who came out of Brandon in July, 1893, and is now Accountant at the Territorial Headquarters, to be Ensign.
Captain Leslie Leary, who came out of Tread in March, 1893, and is now in charge of Whaling Corps and Women's Training Garrison, to be Ensign.
Lieut. Charles Kitting, of the Montreal Food and Shelter, to be Captain.
Lieut. Charles Broadbent, of the Naval Brigade, to be Captain.
Lieut. Edward Chapple, of the Montreal Food and Shelter Depot, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. John W. Leary, of the Naval Brigade, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. John Dismick, late of the Brandon Garrison, to be Captain.
Lieut. R. Broadbent, late of Brandon Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. Edward Chapple, late of Fredericton Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. Albert Cook, late of Temple Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. Fred Smith, late of Temple Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. Jennie Culbert, late of Lyster St. Garrison, to be Lieutenant.
Lieut. Victoria Smith, late of Lyster St. Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edward Lee, to take command of Brandon District and Corps.
Captain Alexander Crispin, to be Secretary to the Board of Newfoundland Province.
Captain Dismick to Carberry corps.
Lieut. Kinney, to be Surgeon at Eastern Provincial Headquarters.
Lieut. Cook, to be Bishop.
Lieut. Smith, to be Bishop.
Lieut. Culbert, to be Bishop.
Lieut. Smith, to be Bishop.

MARRIAGES.

Captain David Pelly, out of St. John's, N. B., and Miss E. White, last stationed at Pictou, N. S.

HERBERT H. EDOH,
Commissioner.

Pacific Coast Cry.—Originality is certainly a much-needed characteristic of our friends "across the border." "A baby Cry," a novel and yet most charming idea. Photos of God's two lambs, all sizes, all ages—were going to say all colors—adorn the pages of the latest issue of the Californian Cry. They have not forgotten the Canadian children, "Witness," our dear leader's eldest boy, occupies a prominent position in this most excellent Cry. God bless you, comrades! May He, through the faces of these dear little ones, speak to many weary hearts!

Our comrades, Staff-Captain Miles, is much to be commended for some of the frontispieces on the Californian Cry recently. We do not remember ever seeing in any periodical a more transcendental indictment of the drink traffic than was presented in the "Offering to Moloch" picture. More power to our Californian Cry!

Without Beer, but Not Without Jest.

When visiting the Farm Colony we went to see the brickmaking, and an old man who had been converted twelve years, but was formerly a big drunkard, said in a burst of enthusiasm while passing the brick he had just made over his head, "We make bricks without straw and without beer, but we don't do it without Jesus."

ADJUTANT MILLER.

G.B.M.

Light Brigade and Auxiliary Flashings.

Silence has reigned supreme as far as notes upon our work from the central are concerned.

Farlongs, when well spent, are but as Commander Booth points out, may be unprofitable when spent in dreams or listless loungings.

The Salvation Army being a world-wide institution, provides occupation for far-flung travelers.

Nothing could have afforded greater joy while on rest, than to attend the annual great Jubilee gatherings.

The "Light Brigade" and Auxiliary men went on furlough to the O.F., consequently silence from this quarter.

We commence again. First, we record pleasure at seeing in the past year of the last few weeks' Cry, the debut of columns of notes on our branch, of war of the Provincial "Light Brigade" agents, and if they, together with our own in well doing, readers will Editorial columns do not overmuch of them something of what is happening.

And thank God we have something more. His mighty arm, through Social agency, has wrought marvelous things.

Did not my eyes behold some of Food and Shelters of London, England, the Women's Shelter, a portion of City Colony, with its multitude of occupation—paper sorting, dressmaking, house-fitting, form-making, brush-making, sewing, recent baby-chair making, etc., etc. the Farm Colony, with its of starbursts and black currants, bay, pears, plums, cow-house, dormitory, barracks, hospital, henhouse, chimney, turning, bakery, wholesale house, village-store, conservatory for tomatoes, etc., etc., carpenter's shop, own railway (with locomotive and car) and its beautiful sweeping view of the mouth of the River Thames, the North German Ocean, and last but not least, the large refectory, where the photographer's establishment, attached there pictures of our beloved General dressed in farmer's costume, broad-brimmed and riding boots, astride on a horse that he bought, representative of Fatherhood.

And do not these figures speak for themselves? 2,839,818 meals supplied; 1,976 people sheltered, and 1,757 men, women and girls rescued during 1893. Great Britain alone, while the 1893 mid-year view of the result of our branches of General Booth's Non-Partisan Social Scheme to May 31st, 1893, is also astounding and instructive. Carefully and without prejudice.

Number of meals supplied, 10,012, cheap lodgings, 2,919,916; men rescued into Salvation Army factories, 8,147; total employment, 16,809; ex-convicts rescued into Prison Gate House, 1,100 persons found, 3,229; women rescued into Rescue Homes for families, 8,922; men passed through T. Colony, 1,383; total nightly accommodation for the destitute and homeless, 5,000.

In the smaller, though far-reaching work of Canada, our eight Rescue Homes opened at the end of June, '94, fifty inmates during that month, three hundred conversion; twenty-three men, averaging from one year to six, in the Children's Home, while the Food and Shelter depots report the same 2,563 beds at ten cents, 847 at seven cents and 27 at fifteen cents, with 14,637 men supplied at the average price of eight cents.

Our General says some work of this is essential, so as in our ordinary way we go for a man's soul to influence body; in the Social we help a man's soul to get at his soul.

Of the League of Mercy let Ensign speak. Its olive branch, bearing its shield with love and cheer, overcame many a sick one in the hospital, and many a wanderer's chain in prison, and as possible its trees are planted in the main centres of our Dominion.

Now, reader, these notes are humbly as follows:—
1. Apology.
2. Facts of social interest.
3. Appeal to sustain and develop Social Work.

G.B.M.

Light Brigade and Auxiliary Flashings.

Since has reigned supreme as far as notes upon our work from the central office are concerned.

Furloughs, when well spent, are good; but as Commander Booth points out, they may be unprofitable when spent in idle hours or listless loungings.

The Salvation Army being a world within itself, provides occupation for furlough intervals.

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The "Light Brigade" and Auxiliary men went on furlough to the O.P., consequently silence from this quarter.

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And thank God we have something to record. His mighty arm, through the Social agency, has wrought marvellous things.

Did not my eyes behold some of the Food and Shelter of London, England, the Women's Shelter, a portion of the City Colony, with its multitude of occupations—paper sorting, dressmaking, tambores-fitting, form-making, brush-fitting, mat-weaving, patent baby-chair making, etc., etc.; the Farm Colony, with its acres of strawberries and black currants, brick-paving, piggy, cow-house, dormitories, laundry, hospital, laundry, chimney-pot turning, bakery, wholesale house, retail shops, conservatory for tomatoes, etc., etc.; wharf, carpenters' shops, our own railway (with locomotive and cars), cable cars, with beautiful sweeping views of the mouth of the River Thames and the North German Ocean, and last but not least, the large refreshment room, with photographer's establishment attached, where pictures of our beloved General dressed in farmer's costume, broad hat, breeches and riding boots, astride on horse, could be bought, representative of Farmer David.

And do not these figures speak for themselves: 2,590,818 meals supplied; 1,023,976 people sheltered; and 1,757 fallen women and girls rescued during 1903 in Great Britain alone, while the following table gives a view of the result of certain branches of General Booth's Non-partisan Social Scheme to May 31st, 1904, is at once astounding and instructive. Read carefully and without prejudice.

Number of meals supplied, 10,612,697; cheap lodgings, 2,919,216; men received into Salvation Army factories, 8,147; men found employment, 10,869; ex-convicts received into Prison Gate Homes, 1,026; men persons found, 3,229; women and girls received into Rescue Homes for fallen women, 8,023; men passed through Farm Colony, 1,393; total nightly accommodation for the destitute and homeless, 5,905.

In the smaller, though far-reaching Social work of Canada, our eight Rescue Homes reported at the end of June, '04, fifty-three inmates employed at fourteen industries, out of whom during that month nineteen professed conversion; twenty-three children, averaging from one year to six, being in the Children's Home, while the three Food and Shelter depots reported the sale of 2,363 beds at ten cents, 847 at seven cents, and 27 at fifteen cents, with 14,627 meals supplied at the average price of eight cents.

Our General says some work of this kind is essential, so as in our ordinary meetings we go for a man's soul to influence his body; in the Social we help a man's body to get at his soul.

Of the League of Mercy let Emma Hills say. In olive branch, bearing leaves shaded with love and cheer, overclouders may a sick one in the hospital, and all many a wanderer's chimes in prison. As rapidly as possible its trees are being planted in the main centres of our Dominion.

Now, reader, these notes are summarized as follows:

1. Apology.
2. Facts of social interest.
3. Appeal to maintain and develop the Social Work.



—Pacific Coast Cry Cartoons.

And you I appeal to again. What will you do? and your answer being, What can I do? we finish by pointing out three courses: 1. Send a donation, large or small. 2. Ask the nearest officer to supply you with a Grace-before-Meat card. Or if some near, day Commander H. H. Booth, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, a post card for one. 3. Subscribe \$5 per annum or \$2.50 for six months and join our Auxiliary League.

If you are desirous that your donation should be devoted to the general funds, apart from the Social, this can be arranged. What you do, do quickly, as these files, and soon opportunities to do good to our fellow creatures will have eternally slipped by us. F. T. M.

Sincere Prayers.—A man's prayers, in so far as he prays sincerely, are governed by the nature and amplitude of his ideas concerning God. He cannot pray rightly who thinks of God wrongly. Prayers of such magnitude and magnitude as those of Paul are the native growth of magnificent conceptions of God's character and grace and adoring trust in His infinite love. A man whose God is little and mechanical, will pray a little plucked prayer. We shape our little prayers, collect our little wants and desires, pack them up in little parcels of words, and try with all kinds of doubting subtleties to secure their dispatch to heaven, and then sit in our corner and sigh with fear lest they should not bring an answer. But God should be too great or too busy to notice them. We miss the comfort and joy of praying for lack of what I will call a fine and holy believing boldness, which credits God with having something to give and being willing to give it. Our prayers should be like the opening of temple doors, through which could pass whole troops of shining angels; but often they are so poor and straight, that a gift such as God delights to grant cannot struggle through. The riches of God's glory must remain on the outer side.

Many are satisfied when in their prayers, they are able to pour out their thoughts and words to God. They seldom care to listen to what God has to say in return. Thus they remain continually in darkness, and struggle to discover the true light. God knows all that goes on within your heart. He needs only to tell you what He has to say about you, and you must give Him the opportunity of doing so. You must turn aside from your things and undelighting, and hark your heart in silence before Him. Then the sweet voice is heard, then the hidden treasures of the kingdom of heaven are revealed, then you find what God means you to be, and a work of ages is accomplished in a moment. Only grant God an opportunity to speak out, and do not drown His sweet, still voice in the uproar of your noise, and you will find what an everlasting peace and joy He can give. —HARRY RILEY, Oakville.

Jesus alone can slay the man of sin.

The Working Women's Home on Albert Street.

GOOD NEWS — THREE SOULS.

The Editor said, "We want some news from the Women's Shelter."

Well, we have some good news to tell. We have been faithfully serving the need and waiting on God for results. Sometimes our hearts have grown and as time after time the women have related the stirrings of the Spirit, saying, "I know, but there is no use in me expecting anything different. I have lost all heart; no one came for me." But they have loved better and are gradually grasping the thought that God and the Salvation Army do care and wait to help them.

As from time to time I look at the things our dear leader told us hard to get, I ask God to save souls, and that will more than repay us for all our labor.

Our Home is the very first of the fifty Jubilee Homes. It was opened on New Year's Day. I believe it will mean a real Jubilee Year to many who come in. God has given us victory. He lives with us. That is the secret of our success. It has brought so much joy into my heart and life to feel that in some small measure we are privileged to follow in the Master's footsteps.

Sometimes the thought has risen in my mind, "Can anything be done with them?" The answer comes in all its beauty, "With God all things are possible."

I feel it has been such a help to be near our precious leaders. Many times as the great responsibility has come before me and I have felt its weight, they have said, "God can fit you for it." He is our all in all, and does make His strength perfect in our weakness.

For some time past we have been having meetings with the women Sunday evenings, led by Emma Stewart. God has been blessing them, the need has been taking root, and we have been watching for the fruit, and it has come. Last Sunday three knelt at Jesus' feet and cried for mercy. It was good to be there. I can't tell you how I rejoiced our hearts become it is for this we live. I believe more will follow soon.

If you could see how much some of them love to come Home, as they call it, after being away a few days, you would see how necessary a Home like this was and need us money to enlarge our borders before the cold weather comes. If not we shall have to turn many away.

Our beautiful holiness convention text holds good in our work, "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it." —SUSANNE ORRISON.

Lieutenant Holman, another sister who is devoting her life to the saving of the lost, adds her bright, cheering testimony:—

Some short time ago while dealing with some of the women in regard to their souls, and endeavoring to find out if really there was a change in their hearts, one, who had seen better days, but who had never known anything about a change of heart, looked up and said, "Yes, I have been happier these few months than I have been for years." We were saying that God will give her a full salvation; while another remarked,

"This week has been the best I have spent for some time, as I have been endeavoring to do right," and many others expressed their desire to do well.

There are cases that come to us sometimes that we find hard to deal with, but we get grace to conquer, and often they will come and acknowledge their wrong, and after being turned away will come back begging to get in.

We feel assured that this is another door of mercy open to those poor wandering ones if they could only see it and enter in. "May God help them," is our constant prayer. LIEUTENANT HOLMAN.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
As ere held not thy hand;
To do it and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou canst not tell in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For harvest in the sky.

Home, when the glorious end—
The day of God has come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, HARVEST HOME.

—T. MONTGOMERY.

As Adjutant Manton, the G.B.M. agent for Central Ontario, was leaving home this morning, a well-dressed lady in great trouble spoke to him. "My husband," said the lady, "has sold up the home and left me."

And why? The poor soul afterwards admitted she was a sinner and gave way to the drink. In utter despair she sat down in a shop and asked the lady there, "What shall I do?" and the lady in the shop sent her after the Army man, because the Army are the friends of all.

It is to be hoped we shall be able to effect a reconciliation; but, oh, how hard is the way of the transgressors!



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARDSON
(Officers in Charge, Stratford, recently visited by Mrs. Booth.)



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The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

Scotch Coal War.—There is widespread distress in Scotland at the present time owing to the Scotch coal war. The Lord Provost of Glasgow's efforts at mediation have failed, and the distress is rapidly spreading. Many of the poor are driven to the direst extremities to sustain life. The news from the Lanark and Fife districts is extremely black. The Army officers are feeding the poor by means of soup kitchens, etc., and are doing their utmost to alleviate the distress.

Stone-laying Memorial Building, New York.—Our comrades in New York have had a mighty time at the stone-laying of their new Memorial headquarters. Three thousand people were in attendance. During Commander Booth's absence in Great Britain Mrs. Ballington Booth had collected the sum of \$9,055, which, with \$700 more, was laid on the stone, bearing the following inscription: "Laid by Mrs. Ballington Booth, August 14th, 1894, in memory of Catherine Booth, Mother of the Salvation Army. 'Let her own works praise her.'"—Prov. xxvi, 31.

The full total of money given was a much larger sum.

The following is a copy of the document placed under the stone of the new memorial building laid by the Commander:

Be it known unto all men that I, Ballington Booth, deposit beneath this stone, which I now lay on behalf of William Booth, the Founder and General of the Salvation Army, on this 14th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1894, this testament:—That I place on record that this building was raised in accordance with the promise of Almighty God, Who in His providence has aided the efforts of the Salvation Army so that within the last ten years, and particularly within the last five years, thousands of men and women of all climes have been restored to reason, health, and worth; lives for God, honor, and useful service.

Furthermore, that the organization has since 1860 lost over 11,000,000 persons at our plain Salvation Army camps.

I here also testify to behalf of our officers throughout America that it is our firm hope that all who look back on the history of the Salvation Army and this building shall bear in mind that this great and good work, now established in thirty-seven countries and colonies has not been accomplished by power of learning, wit of wealth, or influence of social position, the majority of the officers not having more academic attainments than the early apostles, being poor in this world's goods and having no inducement to riches, but by their possession of virtuous and godly lives; but that this organization has been built up to its present standing by the constant and untiring labors of those who have characterized the life work of the present day of Jesus Christ. Such faith and zeal, and work so done, has given them the credit and respect of the world, and has made them a perpetual memorial of His special and precious people.

Signed this 14th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

(Signed) BALLINGTON BOOTH,
Commander of United States of America.

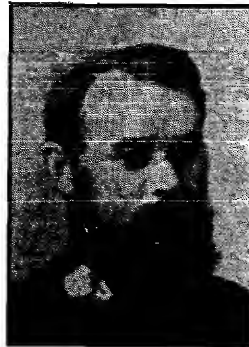
Witness: ROBERT FERRY,
111 Reade Street,
New York City.

One of the most interesting features of the proceedings was the surprising of a surprise on the Commander by Mrs. Booth. This was in the form of the reading of a list of donations amounting to over \$5,000, obtained by her during his absence in England. Of this sum Mr. Wm. E. Dodge gave \$5,000, and the collection obtained at her Mother's, N. Y., meeting was \$1,250.

Colossal Successes, India.—The Indian Jubilee Campaign, just concluded, has been attended with extraordinary manifestations of the love and goodness of God. The Indian authorities cabled recently to London: "Campaign concluded; great triumph; 5,000 prisoners; 3,000 soldiers; 240 cadets." God bless India.

British Changes.—Commissioner Howard, of Great Britain, has been visiting Scotland, and has arranged the transfer of Brigadier Hay to the Home Office, London, where he will take up the work of Field Secretary.

Scotland is to be once more united as a country, with one provincial commander. The command will include the five divisions of Scotland, viz., Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, South Scottish and Aberdeen, with the Orkney and Shetland Islands, with the headquarters at Glasgow.



BRIGADIER ROTHWELL.

Brigadier Rothwell, late of New South Wales, Australia, will have command of Scotland.

French Triumphs.—The Marchals has been holding splendid meetings at Havre, with a great enrolment of soldiers.

The General in Holland.—The General is holding another magnificent Continental Campaign. For a representative throng he never had a larger than the one he addressed in the woods of Nimmerdom, Holland.

Australia.—Colonel Kilbey, acting Commissioner in Australia, in the absence of Commissioner Combs, is to be congratulated on the very efficient way he has managed Salvation Affairs at the Antipodes in his term of supreme command.

The General's Danish Victories.—The news from the General, campaigning in Denmark, is in the highest degree inspiring. Liberties have been accorded us which even many Salvationists did not dream of securing for years to come. The police have become our helpers, and the work rolls on gloriously. The General's wire from Copenhagen reads thus: "Copenhagen.—General's visit immense success. Friday, Saturday, Pontooned officers and soldiers' meetings; Sunday, unparalleled crowds; city stirred; open-air morning, night, Military Fields; afternoon, though raining, 6,000 in King's Gardens. Night, Riding School jammed; wonderful scene of salvation. The General inspired throughout. Total of two hundred seekers in three days."

Major Kyle has been re-accepted by the General and appointed to a command in Australia.

Argentine and Uruguay.—Major Oth-

born has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

Australia.—Major Dean is under orders for the British field.

Brigadier Jeffreys, of Queensland, is organizing leagues in every corps in his division for the reconstruction of local aiders.

We regret to note that Mrs. Combs, whose health is always delicate, has been so sick as to cause Colonel Kilbey to cable the Commissioner as to the fact while in London.

On the Colgarde gold fields, in a place of only 2,000 population, the officers got £22 10s. (8322 50) in response to a special appeal for the Training Garrison.

Major Hammond, Field Secretary, and Major Jeffreys, Hoskin and Peart, chief divisional officers, have been promoted to be Brigadiers. Staff Captain Blackman, in charge of the Melbourne Women's Training Garrison, has been promoted to the rank of Major.

Belgium.—Major Tait has been promoted to be Brigadier.

Great Britain.—The Earl of Onslow has joined the Auxiliary League.

No fewer than 1,600 officers farwelled from their corps recently.

Colonel Bromer has taken charge of the International Trade Headquarters, and Colonel Sturges has been appointed Financial Secretary.

Major Stitt, Governor of the Darkest England Farm Colony, and Major Broom, Financial Secretary at International Headquarters, have been promoted to the rank of Colonel, and Major Whitmore is among several Provincial Officers who have been promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

Holland.—Major Powell, Chief Secretary, has been promoted to be Brigadier.

Staff Captain Govaers, Social Secretary, has been promoted to be Major.

The first Revere Home in Holland had already thirteen inmates in July.

The Dutch Jubilee Scheme includes the establishment of a home for little boys and a farm colony.

India and Ceylon.—Colonel Rahani Bhai (Lucy M. Booth) has been promoted to the rank of Commissioner. Major Jai Bhai, Chief Secretary, is now a Colonel, and Major Kishwar Das (of Gujarat fame), and Muna Bhai, of world-wide renown as a successful advocate of India's claims, are now Brigadiers.

Brigadier Jai Bhai, Chief Secretary in India, has been visiting the Cape Province District, in South India. He says, concerning a large gathering of jumarads (peasants):

"There were 170 local officers present, including, perhaps, a score of teachers, and a splendid body of men they struck one as being. With these men properly filled with the Holy Ghost, it is difficult to imagine what could prevent us sweeping through Transvaal. Major Jaya Kedi had arranged for the headmen of unweaved villages to be invited to this meeting—a splendid idea. Some fifty put in an appearance, and added materially to the interest of the meeting. That the Major's purpose in bringing them to the gathering was accomplished was proved by the number of invitations we received during the day to open up new villages."

Japan.—Brigadier Jai Bhai, who has been Chief Secretary in India now for several years, has been selected for the opening of Japan, and Staff Captain Lyons, formerly of Ceylon, has gone on to make preliminary arrangements to that end.

New Zealand.—Adjutant Paul, of the Reserve Work, and Adjutant Outler, of the Christchurch War Cry, have been promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain.

South Africa.—Commissioner Estlin writes this in the Capetown War Cry concerning his Jubilee welcome:

"Our jubilee is a small one, and, therefore, should be easily carried out. It has but two main planks, which are as follows:

First: A week of special efforts to save souls, which is to be called A Week of Reconciliation for the forgiveness of injuries, the reunion of estranged friends, restoration of backsliders, and baptism of love throughout the Army.

Second: The raising of a Jubilee Fund of £200 for the erection of a building for a Home of Rest for sick and otherwise distressed officers."

Commissioner Ross, British Field Secretary, has been appointed to the command of our forces in South Africa.

Brigadier Hammond, Field Secretary for the Australian colonies, has been appointed Chief Secretary to Commissioner Ross.

Sweden.—Major Ogrim, Field Secretary, has been promoted to be Brigadier.

The General's meetings at Sodertalje were attended by 7,000 people from Stockholm alone, who went to hear him in twenty-two steamers. The bourgeoisie welcomed the Salvationists to the place, and all the saloons were closed for the day.

Our total of open-air meetings held annually in Great Britain alone exceeds 473,200.

The first Italian corps in the United States has been inaugurated in New York by Brigadier Evans. A hall has been opened on First Avenue, between 116th and 118th Streets.

The Commander has issued a nice-voiced horn to be used at 1300 of Beat for staff officers. It is situated at Sea Cliff, L. I., and is only about five minutes' walk from the Sound. He has already arranged for several officers to go there and get the benefit of the breeze and the quiet.

Captain Julius Lindstrom, of West Bay City, Minn., has been fined \$10, with the alternative of ten days' imprisonment, for holding an open-air meeting. When arrested he remained in jail from 9 p.m. on the Saturday till 4:30 p.m. on Sunday. The case has been appealed to the Circuit Court.

The Jubilee list of staff promotions numbered 142, divided among eighteen territories. Great Britain led the way with 57, the others being as follows: India, 19; Holland, 10; United States, 9; New Zealand, 8; Sweden, 8; Norway, 6; Australia, 4; Canada, 4; France and Italy, 3 each; South Africa, Finland, and Denmark, 2 each; and Germany, Jamaica, South America, and Belgium, 1 each.

The Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, of San Rafael, Cal., Congressional Church, recently paid in \$15 for the support of a Salvation Army officer in India, and propose to raise \$50 more for the maintenance of an officer in South Africa. This is a grand idea, and could be followed with profit and blessing by other Endeavorers.

July 16th saw a new sewing battalion started at Rosville, N.J., in connection with the Auxiliary League. Mrs. Major Marshall met with some ladies there who had heard her speak at Brynmore a few weeks before. Mrs. Marshall told them something of the work of the Army and of the great help rendered, especially in a school and rescue work, by our friends making and sending in garments all ready for use. The ladies were most enthusiastic, and a battalion was organized on the spot with a membership of about twenty-five.

The Congregationalists (Boston) say in reference to the Jubilee celebrations: "Ever long we shall begin to get reports of the great Salvation Army Jubilee meetings in London. Fifty years of service as a Christian by General Booth is the occasion of it all. What do the Salvationists do on such an occasion? Give a medal? A purse? No, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, heads of the forces in this country, name twenty-four results which they hope the Army in this country will accomplish, and deeds accomplished are to be a testimonial to the General. The program is as superb as is the faith that inspires and the wisdom that planned it."

The General was set down for no fewer than twenty-seven speeches during the Jubilee Congress. The Manchester Guardian says concerning the Crystal Palace Jubilee Day:

"It must certainly be within the truth to say that in the history of religious revivals no other event at any time has such a spectacle been presented. Reputations sufficient to account for it there no doubt are if we could be quite sure of finding them, but for the present we must be content to wonder. On such an occasion General Booth might well be termed a spiritual giant, a man of a different order of mind from that of his always pretty much the same. In days which mean to others the darkest but in his own mind the brightest of his life, he is always conscious, always expecting, always anxious of the future. He seems to be in possession of a sort of which to many is an object of envy, and one can hardly help wishing that he were able to impart it to others."

The General is scheduled to arrive in the United States about the 25th October. The first public reception there is expected to take place on Monday, 22nd, in New York City. On the 23rd and 24th he will speak in the Carnegie Music Hall, and will remain in the city until the 27th. His route is then laid out for the following cities: Newbury, Conn.; America, Conn.; Newbury, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle. From Seattle he crosses into Canada, from Toronto the General will return to New York, visiting Buffalo, Rochester, Albany and Boston on the way.

Staff Captain Milne was not long ago found on his old horse by his eleven years ago, and from it he finds that the correct date for the Pacific Coast anniversary is the 26th of July—not the 22nd. On 26th July, 1855, Major Wells took command of the Holborn Association, including his "Salvation Army section," represented by about thirteen people. On that evening Staff Captain Milne wrote those words concerning that little company: "These men are not counted of much importance by the world, but for all that, in the hand of God, they are going to do a work in the future which shall not be forgotten. These people are sacrificed, and the Holy Ghost works through them; in His hands they are the greatest power for good on this Coast. Glory to Jesus!" As he says, they look very well in print now—only eleven years later—when the same company Division has fifty-six corps, about 170 officers, four overseas districts, a force of character, a Host and Shelter Depot, a Children's Home, a Rescue Home, a Home of Rest for officers, a Printing Department possessing thousands of dollars' worth of type and machinery, and a War Cry with an average circulation of 12,000 weekly.

During the brilliant Sunday on which Brigadier Evans's Prohibition Park was opened, some of the most interesting meetings closed, seven new members were enrolled, one of whom was a man, a passage from the I. K. Frank, the editor of the *Paris* and the *Homestead* Review, the editor-in-chief of what promises to be the greatest dispensary of this age, and one of the most prominent leaders in the United States of the Prohibition party.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, SEPT. 2, 1914.

RE THE GENERAL.

At last we are on the eve of the long looked for visit of the General.

On September 18th or 19th, by the blessing of God, our Newfoundland comrades will get the first glimpse of our General's face. If it were possible all Canadian Salvationdom would gladly join the favored Newfoundlanders at that time.

It is said—

"Com'ring kings their titles take
From the few they captive make."

But our General has no titles gained so. How often in the history of the world have the populace of great cities massed together to welcome with shouts that rent the air the return from battle of some great hero, with sword yet red with the blood of thousands! Look, for instance, at that wholesale murderer, Napoleon Bonaparte. Although he left his gallant Frenchmen dead by the hundred thousand on many a gory field and wintry road; although unnumbered myriads of wives and mothers and

sweethearts poured forth a river of tears in their grief for the slain, yet with what a shout the magic name of the great Emperor was heard amongst Frenchmen, and how they rallied to his call, shaking Europe with their thunderous tread as they followed their leader in his march to war.

And what sort of a general have we? On how many bloody fields has he led the bayoneted hosts till as on Waterloo's fateful plain the green grew rank through the carnage?

On how many million fatherless hairs and broken-hearted women can he count as the result of his exploits? Thank God, not one!

No! For fifty years has that lion-heart, that impetuous spirit, that keen, precise judgment, that nervous, physical frame been given up to the influence of the Spirit of God for the furtherance of the grand work begun on Mount Calvary, till there lies behind him, like an increasingly broad, shining, silvery streak of light in a dark sea, a pathway full of miracles of salvation, temporal and eternal. Instead of the deep groans of the dying, and the splash of falling blood from jagged wounds, is heard the song of holy triumph and new-born joy from myriads of converted sinners. In place of the name of a living leader of

men, our General has taken the name of Jesus, one Who, in the eyes of many, is no more than a Jewish fanatic, killed nearly nineteen centuries ago, yet so mighty a Name to others, that amongst all nations, all grades of society, amongst the educated and ignorant, it has effected a moral change, great as the natural change from night to day.

Instead of broken-hearted wives wringing their hands in agony, and donning the black dress of mourning, the wives of thousands of converted drunkards bless the day that General Booth and his Army came their way. The children, instead of standing thin-faced, with the pathetic reminder:

"Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy,"

roam jubilant, well-fed, and well-clad, for salvation has made the head of the household worthy of the name and place.

Yes, General Booth leads on an Army, but it is to save. It is to shelter that fallen girl and reinstate her; it is to feed that hungry one, to clothe that one naked; it is to put that family in right relationship with their God; so all the rest follows, as light the shining of the sun.

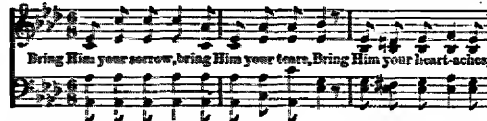
Yes, in a nation whose wealth is fabulous, whose very coinage bears a superscription which commits Her Most

Gracious Majesty to a defence of that faith which is distinctly for the poor, it has been left to General Booth to make the first great, serious attempt to deal with the lost tenth struggling in and around the British sea of destitution, an attempt which is eminently successful, too. This is the kind of General we have.

What has Newfoundland and Canada to say to him?—a man whose whole life is one great application of the saying, "For God and a dying world." What shall be said to him here? We know. Christianized and enlightened Canada will recognize the opportunity; they will appreciate the grand work for which the name of General Booth stands, and they will rally to his receptions and show him, as Australia did recently, that the great heart of Canada is round and solid towards him and the heaven-born and God-sustained work, of which, both in precept and practice, our General is the world's first representative.

When you go to bed at night and think of the thousands around you who will go to sleep on the brink of the bottomless pit, are you satisfied that you have done during that day what you could to wake them up?—General Booth.

"All people that on earth
do dwell,"



"Sing to the Lord with
cheerful voice."

TUNE—Hold the fort.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Fields around are white,
Say not, "Yet four months to harvest,"
Jesus says, "To-night."

CHORUS.

Up, ye reapers, grind your sickles,
Reek the power divine,
Work till evening shadows gather,
Labor all the time.

Do you say you have no vineyard
You can call your own?
All around are weary sinners
Who in darkness roam.

Soon the harvest will be ended,
Soon your chance be o'er;
Soon the voice that now is calling
Will be heard no more.

TUNE—After the bell.

2 Ye, who are weary, burdened with your
sins,
Come to the Saviour, He'll take you in;
He's waiting patiently to give,
If you'll repent, He'll freely forgive.

Oh, then, poor sinner, weary is true,
Pardon is offered, offered to thee;
Why dost thou linger, why still delay?
Time, time is passing, passing away.

CHORUS.

Swiftly thy time is fleeting, swiftly thy
chances fly,
Darkness will soon overtake thee, Judgment
is drawing nigh;
Soon he died to save you, suffered that you
might live,
Lay off His feet your burden, He will forgive.

Why spend your life in worldly pleasures
vain?
Why slight His love, Who for you was slain?
Why longer live in sorrow and pain?
Why tread the path that ends in despair?
Come to the fountain opened for you,
Come, join the Army, be brave and true;
Forward to victory over self and sin,
With Christ, our Captain, we're bound to win.

Gaston Woot, Collingwood.

TUNE—Gone are the days. (B.B., 47; M.B.,
V.I. 97.)

3 We are the best that's marching through
the world,
Sweepy lead our flag shall be unfurled;
Soldiers of Christ we face each hellish foe,
And marching on triumphantly to victory go.

CHORUS.

We conquer, we conquer, our foes before us
fall,
We'll drive the blood of our Saviour
from the gates of hell.

With us we have the architect of the land,
Souls true and brave, who dare for Jesus
stand;
Danger we face to rescue souls from sin,
But trusting in our leader, we to victory go.

No human power, no earthly might we boast,
Our power flows straight from the Holy
Ghost;
Baptized with fire, the sword of God we
wield,
With Calvary love, the motive power we
never will yield.

A. A. WHITMAN.

TUNE—Old Virginia.

4 Oft have I heard Thy voice, dear Saviour,
speaking,
Bidding me consecrate my all to Thee, dear
Lord,
But though I often heard Thy tender plead-
ing,

Hard was my heart, I would not heed Thy
precious word.
Now I am coming to Thee, dear Jesus,
Just as I am, to be made completely whole;
How now I make a full and glad surrender,
With Thee the offering take and purify my
soul:

CHORUS.

While I am kneeling at Thy feet,
Saviour in me Thy work complete,
Let me rise from the mercy-seat
Filled with holy fire.

None now I bring my body, soul, and spirit,
Friends, time, and talents, Lord, I bring
them all to Thee;
Gladly I'll follow all Thy Spirit's leadings,
Howe'er low no more my own but Thine I'll
ever be.

While on the altar myself I'm leaving,
Oh, take the fire, Lord, and burn up all the
dross,
That not one inward foe may ever hinder
This blessed work of bringing sinners to
the Cross.

At last, at last I claim this promised blessing,
Struggles and wrestlings in my heart are
overthrown;
Just now I know Thou dost my soul deliver,
Dost purify, cleanse, restore, and seal me
as Thine own.

How glorious I'll live with but one ambition,
To receive sinners my life shall now be given,
Then when at last my work on earth is
finished,
Thou with a welcome give me to my home
in heav'n.

END CHORUS.

While I am kneeling at Thy feet,
Thou dost in me Thy work complete,
I shall rise from the mercy-seat
Filled with holy fire.

JOHN WHITMAN.

TUNE—Showers of blessing.

5 Jesus, I come for a shower,
Give me much more of Thy love;
Saviour, I crave for more power,
Oh, that Thy grace I may prove!

CHORUS.

Said, Lord, a shower,
Said, Lord, Thy blessing I crave;
Give me more power of Thy power,
Help me a lost world to save.

What, though my sin be forgiven?
What, though Thy cleansing I know?
Said, Lord, I thank for this power,
Let it my spirit overflow.

Then, though earth's storms may surround
me,
Then, Lord, with keep my heart close;
Floods of temptations surround me,
But Thou wilt keep me from sin.

THEY SAY, Seaforth.

The Sun of Heaven is shining on us,
Let us haste to gather in the harvest.
The winds of salvation are blowing,
Let us crowd on more sail, let us go on—
General Booth.

TUNE—We're travelling home.

While journeying from Glasgow to London, I wrote
the words, "Are you saved?" on the window pane for
the benefit of my fellow-passengers. This gave me
the idea of the following song, which I jot down as
the train rolled along. P. TUCKER.

6 Oh, write it, ask it everywhere,
Are you saved?
Keep asking though it make them stare,
Are you saved?

Don't stop to think what they will say,
"No business this, of yours," cry they;
We know our business, ask away,
Are you saved?

Ask when you are them in the street,
Are you saved?
And when to drink their tea you meet—
Are you saved?

To spend your time thus, better far
Than talk of politics or war,
Or nothing in particular—
Are you saved?

Ask all, ask always, smooth or rough,
Are you saved?
You ne'er can ask it times enough—
Are you saved?

And if they ask to do you harm
Be sure you keep your spirit calm,
Then condemn, too, will sound alarm—
Are you saved?

Ask them with earnestness intense,
Are you saved?
A laugh would mischief do immense—
Are you saved?

Ask solemnly, with fearful eyes,
If they're a sinner in the eyes,
Ask them, oh, ask with awe and awe,
Are you saved?

Nor ask alone, but on your knees—
Get them saved!
Each precious chance be sure to seize,
Get them saved!
Wrap them in prayers like flames of fire,
With arms of faith that never tire,
Oh, drag the vilest from the mire,
Get them saved!

COMMISSIONER TUCKER.

We should never on any ac-
count allow ourselves to excuse
any neglect of God and duty, be-
cause such neglect is all but uni-
versal.—Mrs. Booth.

TUNE—Come to the Saviour, ye sin-stricken
children of men; or, I do believe it.

7 O ye despairing! O ye despairing!
There's home and salvation for all;
God's patience gives you time, so that every
sin and crime
May be pardoned if on Him you'll call.

CHORUS.

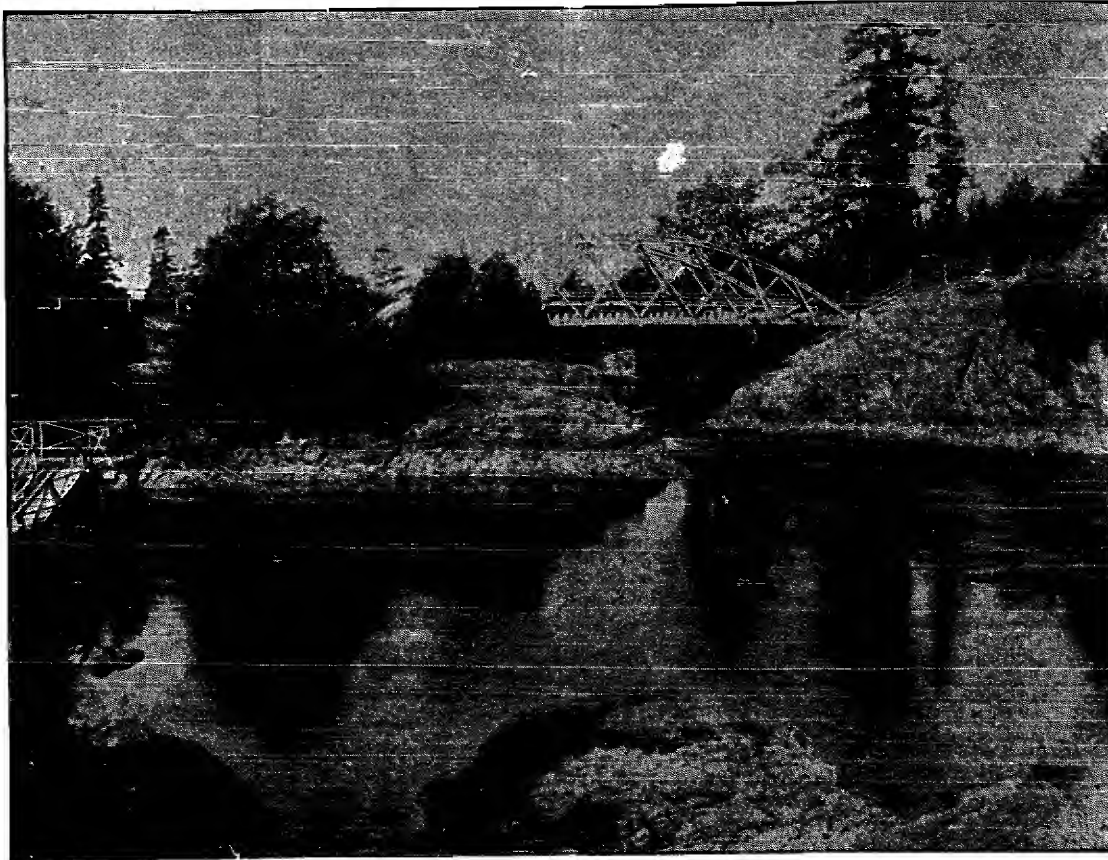
Free, full salvation! Present salvation!
For even the vilest and worst;
You now can happy be and from all your sins
set free
Which your lives and your spirits have
incurred.

Come now repenting! Come now repenting!
And from all your sins turn away;
The past shall be forgiven, and upon the road
Heaven's
You shall walk while His voice you'll obey.

Come now believing! Come now believing!
That God all your sins will forgive;
Then full surrender make, and believe He
can and will
And can keep you as long as you live.

Jesus is mighty! Jesus is mighty!
His power to preserve us we know;
He keeps us safe from sin, and through Him
we daily win
Victory over our every foe!

That was the kind of obedience, that
Abraham gave Jehovah, His was none of
your cheap, easy, self-considerate kind
of service, that cost him little, consisting
mostly of form, and ceremony, and talk;
service great in sentiment and profession of
what it would do, but which edges off all
commandments and duties which meant
hardship, and suffering, and loss. God
said, "Do this," and although it seemed like
a great deal, it was not so.



THE GORGE, VICTORIA ARM, scene of the review of Victorian troops on the occasion of Provincial Officer Read's visit.

MAJOR AND MRS. READ'S

Maiden Visit to Victoria.

WONDERFUL TIMES.

Wholesale Onslaught on Sick-in-the-Med-ism—Thirteen Out for Sanctification—Two for Salvation—The Major Introduces the Newfoundland War-Dance.

For many weeks the Salvationists and friends in this "Queen City of the West" have been looking forward to the time when they would welcome our Provincial Secretary and his wife, of whom we have heard so much from the WAR CRY.

Adjutant Archibald was not behind in making preparations for their visit, and with the distribution of hand-bills, the suspension of a large streamer across one of the principal streets containing the coming events for each of the four days, and the aid of the Press, who were very kind in inserting locale, beside the striking announcements made from open-air end platforms, the public of Victoria were well informed as to what was to take place.

Promptly at twelve, noon, on Saturday the train steamed into the station, and the familiar, happy face of Adjutant Archibald appeared on the platform, followed by the Major and Mrs. Read, looking all smiles and contentment after their four hours' ride. With a loud shout of "Hallelujah!" the Major jumped from the car and was soon making friends with everybody, and surprising one brother a little by telling him to shout "Glory!" for he it known, dear WAR CRY, that the Victoria people count themselves very respectable; was it any wonder then that the by-standers looked with wonder at such proceedings, especially when he walked out of the station announcing the meetings at the top of his voice? Even yellow-faced John

Chimman seemed to claim him as a friend, and nodded and smiled a welcome as he and Mrs. Read walked through Chinatown on their way to the officers' quarters. Here we have them, having barely an hour for refreshment, orders being, "Meet at James' Bay boat-house at half-past one for an excursion up the 'Gorge'."

As the time approached little groups of Salvationists could be seen hurrying along as so not to be left behind. Two large boats, capable of holding sixty or seventy, had been fitted up, and we were soon in our places and off for the Gorge, singing,

"We're bound for Christ's shore."

We must have looked as well as we felt very happy, for we learned afterward that a lady who had watched us from the railway bridge, where we made a stop to pick up our officers, remarked to a friend standing by, "Why, surely, that is the Salvation Army going up to the Gorge," and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, she added, "Well, I must be mistaken, for I always understood that those poor people were never allowed any enjoyment, but look at them now!"

The WAR CRY readers have heard about beautiful Oak Bay, where former field days have been held, but even that lovely spot is forgotten when we go a little way up the Victoria Arm on one bank of which was our stopping place.

No artist ever visits the city without visiting this pretty coast.

Near where we disembarked the waters of the Arm, which all the way up were as smooth as glass, rush over a ledge of rock which is visible only at low tide, and through a very narrow channel, widening out again a little further on.

This forms the "gorge," and the treacherous current here is so strong at times that many an unwary swimmer has been caught in the whirlpool and hurried to meet God.

A pretty little bridge crosses the bubbling water at this point, and near it we Salvationists met to praise God and have a happy time.

The Major's whistle sounding we formed up for a march, rather a queer one, single file. We marched around the trees, the brass band playing and the soldiers clapping their hands. A halt was made for an open-air meeting, and the first to be brought out to do some sharp-shooting were a brother and sister from the reserve forces. The next were the "Little" Hallelujah family, who repeated an address to the Adjutant after the Major, which ran—

"Drawn Arrivory.—We are very glad to be here to-day. 'Though our name is 'Little'

we feel big simply because we are the children of a King."

This family numbers ten, but unfortunately they were not all present.

It is hardly necessary to say that this meeting was out of the ordinary, for since the Major has come into our midst everything like formality has been overturned, and we are kept in a fever of excitement, wondering whatever will happen next.

However, there were two or three things that happened that we shall never forget. A singing battle was fought between an equal number of sisters and brothers, Father Grey being appointed judge, the balance of the soldiers acting as jurymen. Had to say the brothers won. The judge in summing up said he felt the seriousness of his position very keenly, but from force of circumstances gave judgment against the ladies.

The Major next put a detachment of brothers through some drilling exercises. He made a capital drill sergeant, though his orders of "Byes boys," "Ghosts out," etc., caused no little amusement. Captain Sum-chine (Mawson) was ordered to put the sisters through a like performance, but instead of looking stern she smiled, so the Major took her place. He introduced a new way of testifying that speedily acquainted him with the names of all the sisters. All stiffness soon took wings.

A collection was next asked for by Adjutant, and the money came flying on the drum. A good sum was realized.

After some more volleys Mrs. Read spoke to us.

The Major had a little fatherly chat, stopping in the middle to shake hands with a few of his new friends, and then we separated for tea.

The time went very quickly, and all too soon we had to prepare for leaving so as to be in time for the march.

The homeward journey was made short by singing, and we arrived safe in the city minus the sore heads, broken hearts, and empty pockets that so many acousticians bring with them.

The march was a rouser, and the open-air on "Campbell's Corner," to say the least, original. Evidently the crowd that stood round thought it very funny from the ejaculations that fell from some of their lips. The Major certainly did say and do some rather unusual things; he even danced, and Adjutant got some of the glory in his feet, too. Four chairs were the pulpits from which the soldiers

discussed, much to the surprise of some of the bystanders.

Father Little introduced a new word into the Salvation Army language, viz., "Happicholls."

The barracks was well filled for the inside

meeting. Tremendous volleys greeted our leaders as they stepped on the platform. The Major completely upset everybody's gravity by promptly introducing Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald to the audience as unconcernedly as if it were just as it should be.

Shown of blessing floated up to heaven, as on our knees we pleaded for God's blessing on the opening meeting of the campaign.

A song from the CRY, and then a unique all-over-the-shop testimony meeting followed.

The brothers seemed boiling over with salvation joy, while the Major executed the Newfoundland war dance, and when he announced that sometimes the sisters do it in that little tale, the question arose in our minds. "Oh, what it must be to be there!"

He is very quick to recognize old friends, and Happy Sam Churchill was soon spotted out and brought on the platform. He was gloriously saved.

Mrs. Read was introduced by the Major, and a rousing volley was fired—as Bible in hand—she rose to speak. Mrs. Archibald prayed that God's blessing would rest on the words, and we are confident that such a soul-stirring, pointed, loving appeal as she made to the sinner could not but take effect.

The prayer meeting was opened with,

"His blood can make the vilest clean;"

but though conviction was seen in some faces, none came out publicly for salvation.

A nice little soldier's council was held after the meeting. "Hands up, who is coming to knee-drill?" brought forth quite a satisfactory response, and as a result a good number came up at seven a.m. God came very soon, and a Methodist brother seemed especially happy.

The Major led.

Every meeting during this visit will be remembered, but none like the holiness meeting in the "glory hall." It was a heart-searching, soul-stirring, blessed, refreshing, wonderful time.

The Major explained clearly and definitely what holiness was, using an illustration, and then Mrs. Read read to us from the Word, bringing into force the words of truth.

Every heart present was touched by her words. She urged the necessity not of making new vows, but of performing the old ones that had long been broken. Praise God, there were some that let God have His way. When the invitation was given, three volunteered out to seek the blessing. We sang,

"Here I give my all to Thee,"

and one by one they came, until no less than thirteen were kneeling at the front. Oh, how we praised God for this manifestation of His power. Thirteen hearts cleansed and made holy will make a vast difference in our meetings, and with God's help sinners will be

made to feel their loss.

The afternoon meeting was very ordinary. Free and easy, with a possibility of change in a meeting. First, brought in: full play to enjoy themselves in everybody on the platform was prevalent. Adjutant

"All things work

which was very appropriate meeting we were having. The Major gave the held up her hand as but it seemed too hard

step.

God's Spirit pervades and His power could be eyes and uplifted hearts

"Draw in

Major read about the n spirits, and applied the who were aching with sm. Mrs. Read spoke tion, and the tears stood peer souls as she pleaded to forsake the sin their lives.

Adjutant Archibald the Cross. One sister sang.

"Jesus lover

Conviction was written face, but how the power to hold them back. T had once proved God's hands to be prayed for afterwards came out for sharp struggle, and many because they had not d right, but we praised o for two, and we believe will be a big breach mad

A

A SOUL A

ROBERT LESLIE VICKERS
ENKINSON, N.S.

There is a stillness in
A bliss without alloy
A calm, tranquil, h
Unknown to world

Would'st thou this se
This balm of peace
O, pray, believing, ta
All who believe, re

The substance of God
To none by force of
Believe, but as the Sp
And whisper, "I

All outward matters i
Our words are very i
We live in fellowship
And prove His reco

A cross we bear, duty
Watch always unto
If the mind be dispa
Satan will enter them

Th crucified and dead
There is no stillness
Obedience will seek
And plings us in de

The present moment is
But which the devil
Train eyes and tongue
And God shall keep

Not thou the keys of f
Thy citadel is safe
Thy foes, though might
While Jesus keeps th

Old Satan hates an ope
But fights upon the al
Then keep him out, an
And all his hate defy.

The devil's basis once d
We know his wiles, his
Whilts we to God are

Communicating with our
"The Spirit's" still as
Obedience is the joy of l
Ambition's selfishness

O, the privilege of duty.
When word of solida
We need no visions—c
To rouse our holy fan

"What will they say?"
Nor raise a flame of pri
Nothing are we, silent wi
Resigned, His will to o

Let us be warriors for God
Ready for instant death
A recollected soul is safe,
To him to his latest breath

S.A. Tea.—Our Tea Department
The first time: "Johnnie," and per
The second time: "Johnnie," and per
The third time: "Johnnie," and per
The fourth time: "Johnnie," and per



107. **Maria, R. W.** Last heard of in Woodstock, Ont. Tall, speaks with English accent. Usually attends the army, has friends in Toronto. Suppose meeting of his whereabouts, please write to D. R. Haines, box 208, Woodstock, Ont.

108. **Merby, Fane.** Left home (Wid.) four years ago. Was last heard from in April, 1906. He was then in New River, near Chatham, Washington, U. S. He is 35 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in. broad shoulders, brown hair, blue eyes, small mark on side of nose and chin. His brother, Joseph Merby, of Buckingham, R. N. is anxious. American Cry please copy.

109. **Robinson, John James.** Left home in 1898. Age 25, height 5 ft. 6 in. round shoulders, brown eyes, dark hair, mustache, dark brown hair turning grey. When last heard of he was in Great Falls, Montana. Any information (thankfully received) by Mr. Joseph Robinson, 25 Sun St. Street, Peterboro, Ont. U. S. and Calif. please copy.

110. **Grady, Ann and Whiskey Miller (John).** Information recently sought by Miss Roger McGee (née Lowery), Lyons, Michigan. American Cry please copy.

Why are only ones and twos saved? Not because of any desire to save ones and twos only, but because only ones and twos go out to save them. A crowd that understands its business and knows how to take hold of God, and deal with men, will catch a crowd. Let us go out in crowds. —The General.



100 AND OVER.	
Wm. Smith, Hamilton, Ill.	121
90 AND OVER.	
Capt. Kilmer, Fort Arthur	86
70 AND OVER.	
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John, Ill.	70
60 AND OVER.	
Med. Young, 72 Catherine	62
50 AND OVER.	
Mrs. Foster, Wren, Windsor, Ont.	50
Capt. Andrews, Riverside	51
Sgt. Mrs. Cook, Cornwall	50
40 AND OVER.	
Edw. Davis, Kingston	41
30 AND OVER.	
Edw. Bell, St. John, N. B.	30
John Lefebvre, Belleville	33
Edw. Mackie, Hamilton	33
Edw. Eide, Sherbrooke	33
Edw. Barry, Ontario	33
Edw. Saunders, Balise, L.	33
Capt. McCall, Prescott	33
Edw. Moore, Windsor, Ont.	30
20 AND OVER.	
Edw. McFarlane, Brockville	20
Edw. Raymond, Vernon	20
Edw. Paul, Toronto	20
Edw. O'Brien, Hamilton	20
Edw. Kirkwood, Fort Arthur	20
Edw. Hill, Prescott	20
Edw. Lefebvre	20
Edw. G. Cook, Cornwall	20
Edw. Blackstock	20
Edw. Mackenzie, Ferry Sound	20
Edw. Davis, Cornwall	20
Edw. Barrett, St. Catharines	20
Edw. Murray, Kingston	20
Edw. Mackenzie	20
Edw. Wray, St. John, Ill.	20
Edw. Wells, Kingston	20
Edw. Russell, Brockville	20
Edw. Wata, Prescott	20

God only knows what he would do with a few men who cared only for Him. He would save thousands and thousands the universe. The General.

Soldiers' Meeting

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th,

In the LIPPINCOTT STREET BARRACKS,

—LED BY—

THE COMMANDANT.

MRS. BOOTH

—AT THE—

TEMPLE, SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 9th.

JESUS IS WAITING FOR THEE.

By COLONEL LAWLEY, who accompanied the General on his Canadian tour.

Turn—Wonderful words of light.

Come, sinner, come, to the Saviour's feet,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Leave all thy sins at the mercy-seat,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

He is thy only Saviour,

Come, and thou shalt find favor.

Do so not delay, come while you may,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Do not delay, come while you may,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

CHORUS.

Come to my wonderful Saviour,

From sinning He can thee deliver.

Dare you believe? Will you receive

Salvation from Jesus to-day?

Wander from God, though so weary and sad,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Will thou not come? He will make thy heart

glad.

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Whoever may have this salvation,

For all there is now liberation.

Yes, mercy for all, heed the glad call,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Yes, mercy for all, heed the glad call,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Beckstider, thy Father will freely forgive,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

A welcome, a robe, a ring and him will He

give.

Jesus is waiting for thee.

He'll set the glory bells ringing,

And start the angels off singing.

Return to thy home, there's plenty of room,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

Return to thy home, there's plenty of room,

Jesus is waiting for thee.

This is Jesus I know, all my guilt He for-

gave.

Bliss His dear name, I am free!

I brought my poor soul to the Mighty to

save.

Bliss His dear name, I am free!

My sins run as high as a mountain,

They all disappeared in the fountain.

He put my name down for a palace and

crowns.

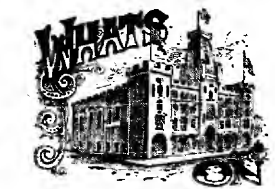
Bliss His dear name, I am free!

He put my name down for a palace and

crowns.

Bliss His dear name, I am free!

AN ILLUSTRATED GRACE-BEFORE-MEAT BOX STORY.



TORONTO SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

Principal Demonstration, Sept. 9th to 13th.

Sept. 9th, Temple, all day, Salvation Meetings, Mrs. Booth and Provincial Staff; September 10th, Temple, 10:30 a.m., 3 and 8 p.m., Holy Ghost and Musical Meetings, Provincial Staff, All-night Prayer, 11 p.m.; Sept. 11th, Temple, 3 and 8 p.m., Holy Ghost and Women's Demonstration, Mrs. de Barritt and Lennie F. O'Connell, Council for N. O. at 1 p.m., F. O'Connell at 3 p.m.; Sept. 12th, 3 and 8 p.m., Holy Ghost and Salvation Meetings, Provincial Staff and Eugene Ayre; Sept. 12th, Lippincott, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Collingwood District; Sept. 12th, 11th Avenue Street, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Hamilton District; Sept. 12th, 12th, Ligar Street, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Barrie District; Sept. 12th, West Toronto, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of St. Catharines District; Sept. 12th, Dovercourt, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Bowmanville District; Sept. 12th, Yorkville, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Haldimand District; Sept. 12th, Riverside, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Brantford District; Sept. 12th, Temple, Salvation Meeting, Eugene McArthur and Officers of Lindsay District; Sept. 12th, Temple, War Memorial Meeting, Provincial Staff and Officers of Province, Communicating of Officers, etc. Officers, sending letters, apply to Brantford de Barritt, corner Lippincott and Oliver Streets, before Sept. 20th. The National Brigade also Hamilton and Guelph Bands expected for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 9th, 10th and 11th.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost means purity, the baptism of the Holy Ghost means enthusiasm, the baptism of the Holy Ghost means power—General Booth.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S APPOINTMENTS.

Oranville, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th; Shelburne, Sept. 10th and 11th; Port Huron, Sept. 12th and 13th; Thornbury, Sept. 14th; Cambridge, Sept. 15th; Collingwood, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th; Midland, Sept. 19th and 20th; Collingwood, Sept. 21st; Owen Sound, Sept. 22nd and 23rd; Gravenhurst, Sept. 24th and 25th.

There is only one place where you can get away from your evil self, and that is in the fountain of Christ's blood.—The General.

THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Captain Cook through West Ontario Province—Wingham, Sept. 5th, 6th and 10th; Brantford, September 11th and 12th; Listowel, September 13th and 14th; Palmerston, September 15th, 16th and 17th.

Seals! Seals! Every day—everywhere—in season and out of season. Oward! recklessness of consequences in the following of Christ.—The General.

THE EASTERN PROVINCE.

Proposed tour for Lieutenant Fagn, G. R. H. H.—Amherst, September 2nd, 4th and 5th; Sackville, September 6th and 7th.

If we secure His favor kneeling at His feet, can we retain it without following where these feet shall lead.—General.

Beneath God's Canopy.

YOU OUGHT TO BE THERE!

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Great Camp Meetings led by Provincial Staff, as follows:—Stoneyville August 29th to Sept. 9th. All Candidates to report themselves to Brigadier de Barritt or the other Officer in charge. This will greatly help your case.

There are think-so Christians, and there are hope-so Christians, and there are know-so Christians. Thank God we belong to the know-so people.—The General.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S TOUR.

Cornwall, Sept. 1st, 2nd and 3rd; Montreal, Sept. 5th; Richmond, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th; Bedford, Sept. 11th and 12th; Port Huron, Sept. 13th and 14th; Waterloo, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th; Keweenaw, Sept. 18th and 19th; Sherbrooke, Sept. 20th and 21st; Collingwood, Sept. 22nd, 23rd and 24th; Stantford, Sept. 25th and 26th; Collingwood, Sept. 27th; Sherbrooke, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th; Montreal, General's visit, Oct. 6th.

Work Wanted.—Will any person who can give any information regarding the whereabouts of any of the missing men mentioned in the list on page 17, please write to the General, 11th Avenue Street, Toronto, Ont.

Brigadier De Barrill's Wanderings and Victories.

A NOVEL COLLECTION.

"The life of a Provincial officer is a very busy one. There are some to save the first and foremost of all, the soldiers have to be brought to see that duty to God and the Army, and God's Kingdom be advanced. Now it is a business that needs planning, and there is little money to do it with; nor can candidates need interviewing; then the singing troops need their hour arranged; we must not forget the West Troops that have many poor souls during the last few weeks; meetings for officers and soldiers have to be conducted, debts to meet and amputations, and so the life of our commander is a very busy one.

"We are inclined to think that a Provincial officer should be able to do anything from trying a horse to build a barracks, and get dinner served. Well, so goes the war, and our blessed Army is more than ever a source of help, happy activity. *Brigadier De Barrill's Wanderings and Victories.*"

The Brigadier was at Uxbridge. Brigadier Myler, the D. O., is all alive, he is visiting the corps in his district, having the Harvest Supper at various places on several nights; this will help him to get around; his right hand man, Lieutenant O'Connell, is well able to hold the fort at Uxbridge.

A hurried cup of tea (no milk and water) and we are on the main street in a jiff, shouting out the order of God's mercy and salvation. Straight north right from the shoulder, everything all round, away we go, the Brigadier having taken up the collection, visiting all the stores for it. A fair word at a little notice was there, and dinner trembled because of their sins. Two were almost persuaded, and one came to the officers' quarters next morning, however, we don't believe in any other way than

The Penitent-Form and a Public Confession.

"that we hope our comrades are this, because they are, given up his sin and sinners. The Brigadier has got him down, a 'sipper,' and has got him down; you want a good horse Brigadier Myler is the man to get it for you, try him. The Brigadier is a noted early riser, and has generally got through a pile of work when most folks are rubbing their blankets. We were up right sharp the next morning, and took to see the Camp ground for the coming morning, just the place, near the town, plenty of water, a good gateway, well wooded around, so our faith is high for a soldier's time.

The Sunday previous they had a great crowd at the funeral of one of the bravest soldiers, who was only

27 Years of Age, "Shinner, Got You Ready, Your Time will Come at Last."

A hurried run to mamee. The soldiers here are very kind, plenty of food is sent to the quarters, they have a good plan, i.e., to send in turn, and, added the Lieutenant, if we run short all we have to do is to ask. If the staff I saw in any sample of the kindness of our friends, then God bless them.

A few hours more and we were in Fenelon Falls. Hosted in the brass with a good dose of baggage, we applied the form of our Camp Captain, with a couple of his gang and their old friend (and mine) the big drum. Next on the scene was Ensign Ayre, and just as we arrived at our fallen in drive the Singing Troops. God bless them, they are a brave group. They had ridden 100 miles and miles in the hot burning sun. Mr. Turner and his baby has stuck at it like a true Canadian, and their path has been one of God-given victory. The first news I had was of souls saved, victories won, and faith for the future.

Our first Camp Meeting at Fenelon Falls is hard to describe in type; my soul just ran over for joy. The large tent was packed to the doors. Song followed song, there came a burning appeal, and then a real red-hot prayer meeting, brought and the first penitents, which proved to be the forerunners of a good number more; glory be to God. In it is not beautiful to see souls saved! I am sick of meetings without souls, and so-called demonstrations; we want souls crying for mercy, not just nice singing, pleasing the ear of the folks and having them in their sin; no, let us go for souls, and sure enough we shall get them, for God lives—bless Him.

Sunday was a glorious day of Victory. Our comrades there believe in starting the day's fighting at seven in the morning, and not after their dinner hour. We must have done, once forever, with that warfare that starts at two in the afternoon. Go in for the day.

How those soldiers can fight, to be sure. They were from Montreal, Coblenz, and I don't know who was in the line, but they were all true. *Brigadier De Barrill's Wanderings and Victories.* God be with them.

What a pack we had, to be sure. There they were, packed around of attentive listeners, and, glory to God, we made more converts.

Ensign Ayre and Mrs. Phillips did splendid service; they are two true warriors. The pleasure to have such comrades in battle. Captains Green and Huxtable were there every time, and he has a gang of soldiers that stuck to their knees for an hour at a time.

Ensign Ayre has seen and visited all the corps in his district about the HARVEST FESTIVAL; they will do well and are in good time. Look out for their details.

I saw quite a host of likely candidates; there are more to follow. I shall hear from them when they have got the victory. Now, Captain Huxtable, I want you to send me a lot of folks during your stay at the Falls, and as many more as you can.

The Falls has a good M.D. in Dr. W. R. M. He has always been kind enough to look after all our officers free of charge. If I need a doctor within sight of the Falls, I shall give the worthy doctor a call. God will reward him for his kindness.

At six Monday morning I left my kind heart and home (Mr. and Mrs. Solter). They have always been kind to Army folks, and were kindless themselves during my short and happy stay with them. God will reward them.

I must confess that one of the happiest days of my life was that Sunday spent with my dear comrades at the Falls.

Pray my dear officers, soldiers, friends, and all for a mighty outpouring of God's spirit upon me, and that thousands of souls shall be brought to God now and here. All who will my Amen for a valley.

Camp Meetings in Zion's Hill.

We turned our steps towards Wells' Hill on Sunday last full of faith and hope. These camp meetings were not, as heretofore, a united demonstration, but belonged exclusively to the Lippincott corps, and a few spirituals.

Our leaders were Major Fry, Adjutant Miller, and Ensign Phillips. The Headquarters were held at the Soldiers' Hall. The holiness meeting was a helpful time. What with the interesting address of "Foggywater," the solid truth dispensed by the printing manager, and the to the point testimony of the "mashed doctor," the meeting was all that could be desired.

In our first meeting following the march around the grounds, Reverend Atwell sang a French song. With him were several of the Frenchmen in camp. Ensign Miller sang; "Eh! going to see 'Conanry' as we people to him. Mr. Major Fry also sang sweetly. The only disappointment experienced in this meeting was that many soldiers, professional and otherwise, did not take part, notably Captain Griffiths.

How to represent faithfully the night meeting, Mr. Editor, is certainly beyond your humble correspondent's ability. It is my word to you, that this was a very successful one of our very best. The entertainment was good and touching. The real salvation talk by Ensign Ayre, Captain Edgewood, the Bible-reading by Ensign Phillips were excellent. The result of this meeting was seen in the good many conversions, a proper volunteer. Oh, for more of these camp meetings!

Monday night we did well; a nice crowd of people attending; followed on Tuesday by just as good a time and bigger crowd. We are going to have a mighty time on Sunday; so says our faith. Prospects are bright.

"Eh!"

He that negotiates between God and man As God's ambassador, the grand concerns Of judgment and of mercy, should beware Of holiness in his speech. The plitful To court a gain, when you should woo a soul;

To break a jest, when pity would inspire Pathetic exhortation; and address

The skittish fancy with footless tales When sent with God's commission to the heart!

—Cooper.

Six years ago the inhabitants of some northern colonies determined to destroy all the Jews because they did some harm to the corn, but they found that the worms the Jews had been killing had done such harm that they soon ceased to kill the Jews. In like manner it was resolved in Sweden to kill all the crabs, but this was followed by a plague of crabs and crabs piled that soon stopped the killing of the crabs. In one country the poor quarry was so persecuted that the great (fish) food grew and multiplied so that the population could not cultivate the soil and had to leave it uncultivated. God has so ordained matters that there is enough and to spare for all.



SALOON-KEEPER. — "You ought to be ashamed of yourself coming here selling your papers and trying to beat the little boys who sell their papers here out of a living, when, perhaps, their mothers are depending upon them."

Query. Which is the worst, to sell liquor that damages, or to sell papers that save?

Quoted in solemn. Elder young man offering Californian. Poyabito to avoid round, justice and make fun. Saloon-keeper walks round, and says: "Stop that!" effectually quelling any movement to interfere with Salvationist. A little later he enters into conversation with latter, who continues to having at one time been a Sunday school superintendent, had, drunk to relate, religion was now but an idle dream, which had faded away.

Wreck of former years, left high and dry on the sands of time.

Entered saloon. Bar-tender said: "You have smelt on your face." A handkerchief was handed from over the bar; suspicion aroused, but not to come in, took the handkerchief open, smelt it, and detected chloroform in time, otherwise might have rolled out of saloon drunk.

Harmless as doves and wise as serpents when attacking the devil's domain, is the motto.

Entering saloon, Chy-eller tackled at once by knots of men who riddle him with questions, some possible, others utterly impossible. Discerned some, others, he leaves; but, a heavily sobered man he walks away, a head laid upon his shoulder. Turning round, a tall, dark man begins to pour out his story. Five years seeking salvation in various places this night he was in a saloon trying to drive chloroform away when the entrance of the Chy-eller gave him some courage, so he spoke up, and that night he climbed to the rock of safety and salvation.

Entered at door of saloon, came face to face with backslider; recognized, he turned on his heel and went, without uttering a word, into inner room. Asked afterwards why he had not spoken, he confessed he was so ashamed of having sought he could not speak.

What will be the experience of the sinner when faced with the recording angel's diary on the Judgment Day?

Visiting one day I was tackled by an editor, who in snuffing town began to deride religion as a superstitious thing to which we were bowing to, when I was relieved somewhat by another man standing by, who, although not a great man himself, could not bear to see one so much abused. He debated the subject on, however, but when tackled as to whether, in his right, found he was on the same track to hell as the editor, the difference being that one was openly defiant and unrepentant of God, the other inwardly so, but without broken face.

"He that knoweth his Master's will and doeth it, shall be blessed with many stripes."

A LITTLE GIRL'S HORRIBLE DEATH.—A daughter, Ind. Public indignation is at the breaking point over the sudden and horrible death of little Tillie Behren, the fourteen-year-old daughter, who made a fatal parachute jump from her balcony at the Red Men's village yesterday afternoon. When she left the balcony with the parachute, she dropped about 100 feet before the latter opened. This was due to the careless manner in which the parachute had been fastened. When it did open, however, her fall was checked so quickly that she lost her hold on the straps. The life-belt fastened around her waist should have held her, but this, it has since been found, was rotten and broke. She came down like a rock, striking squarely on her feet, and breaking half the bones in her body. She was then, however, before she struck the ground. Yesterday afternoon, about two hours before the time to make the leap, she became fearful of the consequences, and refused to go up. Her manager gave her some liquor to loosen up her nerves. She at length consented to make the ascent, but when she left the ground she was under the influence of liquor, and totally unfit to go up, but Morgan insisted. As soon as the balloon came down it was hurriedly wrapped up and hoisted away. Those who happened to examine the contents of the balloon before it went up pronounced them rotten, and the manager was so much shocked that he refused to allow the balloon to be used again.

OUR DAILY PORTION.

Generosity and economy are both taught by the Lord. He fed thousands, and yet commended the fragments to be gathered up. Keep and you lose, give and you have. Be open-hearted and open-handed.

ESCHOL.

Our peace.—Rom. v. 1.
Our blessing.—Eph. i. 3.
Our hope.—Eph. ii. 13.
Our justification.—Rom. iii. 24.
Our home.—John xiv. 2.
Our object.—1 Tim. iii. 2.
Our glory.—Rom. v. 2.
Our forgiveness.—Eph. i. 7.

September 8th.—Present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. xii. 1.

September 9th.—Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

September 10th.—Glorify God in your body and in your spirit.—I Cor. vi. 20.

September 11th.—Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Col. iv. 2.

September 12th.—I press towards the mark for the prize.—Phil. iii. 14.

September 13th.—Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.—Col. iv. 6.

September 14th.—I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge.—Phil. iii. 8.

Verona, B.C., in Total Darkness.

Since last report we have been having some real outlying excitement. Last week, from Monday to Saturday eve, we rode the distance of two hundred and forty miles, visiting people along the way. Amongst other events of the trip, we visited a comrade who had not been an officer or uniformed soldier for two years. The question is often asked, Do our comrades stand? To all such I would say, pay this comrade a visit. Poor lad, he was surprised to see me; he is so isolated that he has no privilege of meetings, and he seldom sees a Christian, but he is a living witness to the precious promise of Jesus, "I will be with you even unto the end."

For away on a mountain trail we came across a poor old man who had never seen a Bible before, and at eight o'clock we for one of His Majesty's red-coats, and was wonderfully surprised when we introduced the King's business and started talking to him about his soul. Said he had never been tackled like that before to the question, "How is it with your soul?" His answer was a repetition of the answer and ideas of a great many of our dear old British Columbia miners and rustlers.

"Oh, I guess I am all right; I never killed anyone, or stole, or did anything very bad, and I always try to do to others as I would be done by. I think that is the best we can do; if I do this I shall stand a pretty good show."

This is the general idea of religion held by the old-timers of British Columbia, and they certainly do, in their rough way, to a very great extent carry out this doctrine. Of course, they don't consider it a sin to drink, or even gamble, or use to some extent profane language; but, as a rule, they are very honorable and straightforward in their dealings with one another. They will not demand or cheat, and you seldom hear of a quarrel amongst them, and they will seldom allow one another to want in any way, yet they are almost in total darkness of the real religion of Jesus Christ. While noting in a corner squiggle with the world, they destroy their own bodies and souls by drink and dissipation, and leave God almost entirely out of the question.

The dear old man I have just been speaking of, was no exception to the rule, but when questioned about his soul and his hope for eternity, answered as above, adding a little profanity now and then by way of emphasis. I tried to enlighten him, and show him the way of salvation through Jesus, but he had to leave him at that, saying that God might bless my conversation to his soul. It is not likely I shall ever see him again, but how I do hope he may find his way to Jesus. I do wish we could do more of this real out-riding work.

Oh, for more volunteers for this work! Comrades, what are you doing—frisking away your time as soldiers in a corps, when they can get along as well without you, where this great field of labor is ripe unto harvest, and there are dear souls going down to the ph, while you stand calmly by and do nothing? WE WOULD PLACE AT LEAST ONE COMRADE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA ALONG. It is a shame to think that we have had to abandon a great deal of the work that we once pursued, just because you won't step out and do what God has called you to do. We are sure to have more volunteers for this work.